

SOUTHERLY



NUMBER FOUR
1951

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NOTES AND COMMENTS
PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SYDNEY BRANCH OF THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

Quarterly: Price three shillings and sixpence (postage 3d. extra).

Subscription for four numbers (including postage), fifteen shillings.

Editor

R. G. Howarth, B.A., B.Litt.,
Department of English, University of Sydney,
(during 1951 care of Angus and Robertson Ltd,
48 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.).

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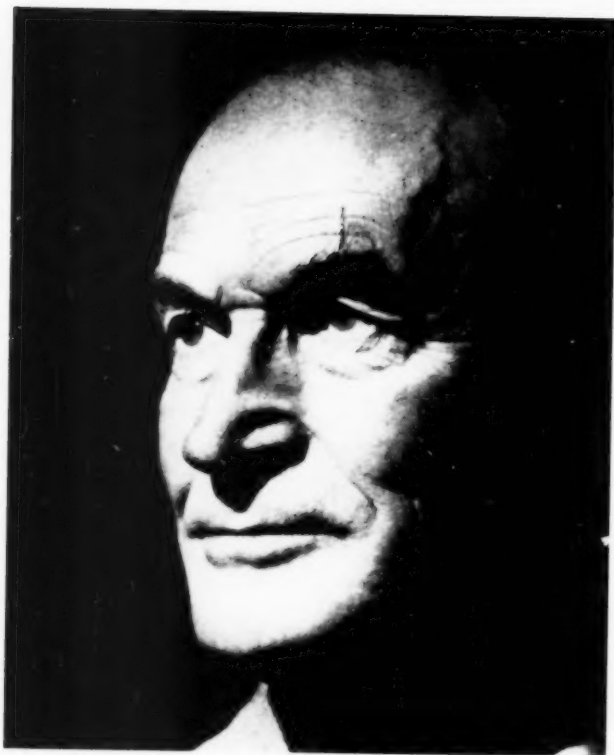
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Southerly, the organ of the English Association, Sydney Branch, is published by Angus & Robertson Ltd, 89 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. It is obtainable from Angus & Robertson Ltd and from all other leading booksellers in Australia.

Southerly is microfilmed by University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan, U.S.A.

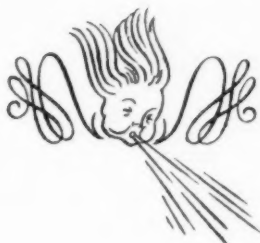


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HUGH McCRAE

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Edited by
R. G. HOWARTH

Number Four 1951

Published Quarterly by
ANGUS AND ROBERTSON LTD
Sydney & London

SET IN LINOTYPE BASKERVILLE

PRINTED AND BOUND IN AUSTRALIA BY

HALSTEAD PRESS PTY LTD, 9-19 NICKSON STREET, SYDNEY

REGISTERED IN AUSTRALIA FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE POST AS A BOOK

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Australian Literature 1950

By H. M. GREEN

FINAL SURVEY

This is the last of the annual surveys of Australian literature that began in 1938. Articles of such a kind inevitably grow monotonous, and a time comes when they had better stop. Nevertheless the writer feels regretful as well as relieved that he will no longer have to turn once a year to this in the midst of other importunate occupations.

In those twelve years the Australian literary world has bubbled like a pot on a hot fire, throwing off verses, novels, short stories, and even plays, essays, and criticisms, so that the reviewer's task has been difficult and at times fascinating. FitzGerald's *Moonlight Acre*, Slessor's *Five Bells*, Judith Wright's *The Moving Image* and *Woman to Man*, Harold Stewart's *Phoenix Wings*, McAuley's *Under Aldebaran*, Hope's still uncollected poems, the poems of Mackenzie and Moore and the best poems of Douglas Stewart; besides Neilson's *Beauty Imposes*, some of Mary Gilmore's later work and the fruit of the silver age of Hugh McCrae. What a harvest! Yet, though it reached a higher standard, this outburst of poetry was not altogether at the expense of prose. For there were Eve Langley's *The Pea Pickers*, Kylie Tennant's *The Battlers* and *Lost Haven*, Herbert's *Capricornia*, Mann's *Mountain Flat*, Eleanor Dark's two great historical canvases and Barnard Eldershaw's *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*. Even in the drama, where there had been scarcely anything before then except Esson's and Palmer's work and Tomholt's collection, *Bleak Dawn*, there were a number of promising little plays, and, away above them, Douglas Stewart's *The Fire on the Snow* and *The Golden Lover* (though the latter really belongs to the literature of New Zealand) and *Ned Kelly*. There were also the republications of Furphy, Gilmore, McCrae, O'Dowd, Wilmot, McKellar, and "Brent of Bin Bin", some of which were more than republications. And there was Douglas Stewart's critical work. Altogether, it is doubtful whether the creative spirit in Australian literature has quickened so richly in any other period, even in that of the nineties and early nineteen-hundreds.

As for the year with which we are immediately concerned, its literary yield was not outstanding, least of all in verse. But that suggests little about the future, for there are a number of young poets, in particular

David Campbell, Rosemary Dobson and Francis Webb, and some of the leading poets and prose writers are still at the full tide of their production. The most notable book of verse in 1950 was Devaney's *Poems*, and that included the contents of a number of previously published books and booklets. Devaney is a curious survival from "the nineties", though he is younger than that would seem to imply. But his talent is individual though not large; modernity has ironed out of his verses most of the romantic tag-ends of the age to which in attitude and to a lesser extent in language he belongs; and in one of his best poems, "Winter Westerlies", a gust of force breaks through the gentle beauty of his nature poems, and makes one feel that he is after all living in today. Of the other verse of the year, Hart-Smith's *On the Level*, which was published in New Zealand although its contents had appeared first in Australian periodicals, leaves his reputation where it was. Victor Kennedy's *Cyclone* (selected poems), Nancy Cato's *The Darkened Window*, and Nancy Keesing's *Imminent Summer* should also be mentioned.

The late C. W. Salier, whose indefatigable researches in a number of directions have not been properly appreciated, and who probably knew more about Harpur than anybody, published in 1949 *Rosa*, a series of Harpur's sonnets to a lady whose real name was Mary, and who afterwards became his wife. About half, and that the best half of these had appeared, with the poet's emendations, in several of the published collections of his work; but the series was worth bringing together, if only for historical reasons, though it is a pity the emendations were not noted. Let us hope the edition of Harpur that Salier had prepared will find a publisher soon. And there also appeared, in 1950, *The Selected Poems of C. J. Dennis*, chosen and introduced by A. H. Chisholm, author of *The Making of The Sentimental Bloke*. Much overrated in his day, Dennis's peculiar blend of sardonic humour and juicy sentimentality, his fertility in lyrical fancy and his vigour and warm humanity are such that probably many will be glad of this opportunity of re-reading him or making his acquaintance.

There were also a couple of anthologies. Professor Murdoch's *A Book of Australian and New Zealand Verse* is a successor to his *Oxford Book of Australasian Verse*, except that the New Zealand poet and critic, Alan Mulgan, has taken over the New Zealand section. Murdoch sets up the familiar screen that he has never claimed to be an authority on poetry, and that his book is merely (setting aside the New Zealand section), a collection of poems that he happens to like, as modified by suggestions from his critics. But criticism cannot be warded off in this way, par-

ticularly when the anthology is historical, and this one calls loudly for criticism. In the Australian part of the anthology, which is all that need concern us here, FitzGerald, McAuley, and Harold Stewart are omitted entirely, to say nothing of Baylebridge, for whose inclusion permission may have been refused, and well-known poets are often represented by work which is far from their best. For example there is nothing from Brennan's finest poem, "The Wanderer", and the selections from Gellert, Douglas Stewart, Mann, and Hart-Smith are almost incredible. Christesen, Mudie and John Thompson are given more space than Brennan or McCrae, and O'Dowd five times the space that is given to Brennan, and a great many poets are included who do not deserve a place at all. A much more important though far smaller anthology was *Old Australian Bush Ballads*, whose contents were collected by Vance Palmer and their music restored by Margaret Sutherland. May this be a forerunner of others of the same kind, for many more "old bush songs", or at least more versions of them, are almost certainly still to be found in back numbers of periodicals, in manuscript, even perhaps in surviving memories. Of Palmer's thirteen ballads only two are entirely different from anything in Paterson, but there are some quite new versions, apart from differences in titles, phrases, lines, and whole verses, and sometimes verses are added or omitted or their order changed. All these variants are well worth preserving. Not least in importance is the provision of the music; hitherto nobody has ever attempted to collect this, so far as the reviewer knows.

Among the novels, by far the most ambitious of the year was F. J. Hardy's *Power Without Glory*; like several other recent Australian novels, it figured in the Courts, this time on the ground of defamation. But its importance is more as a social document, in so far as the facts on which it is built are to be relied upon, than as a novel. In its favour are its attempt to pierce beneath the surface of society, its width of range and richness in detail, and the inevitability, in a sense the realism, and sometimes the genuine power with which the story unfolds. On the other hand, in spite of the author's emulation of Balzac, his aim is obviously not aesthetic but propagandist; his characters are little more than types; and, worst of all, the story is humourless and except for a few episodes rather dull. *Power Without Glory* is therefore a failure; but it is an ambitious failure by a writer who has ability, and whose next book is to be watched for. Far slighter but more notable from a literary point of view was a novel by Geoffrey Dutton, known hitherto by his poems, who is now living in the south of France but

gives his permanent address as in South Australia, the State of his birth. *The Mortal and the Marble* is set in Melbourne and thereabouts. It is an interesting study, modern in tone but as far from cynicism or disillusion as it is from sentimentality, of the relations between a young married couple who are very much in love, but not without the usual frictions, which are neither minimized nor exaggerated. It also tells of cultivated people, living in an atmosphere which might have drifted over from western Europe; perhaps it has, to some extent, though it is not fundamentally un-Australian. A second novel, which is also obviously the work of a cultivated man of letters, is Adrian Lawlor's *The Horned Capon*. But it has nothing else in common with the other, for the characters are bookish, their conversation is forced, they don't do anything in particular, and the book is not about anything much. Yet parts of it are entertaining.

In strong contrast are several novels that deal with mines and mining, gold or coal. The third of Katharine Prichard's historic trilogy on the life of the Western Australian goldfields is of the same type as her other two: a propagandist novel, in which the story of Dinny Quinn and Sally Gough is no more than a thin bright stream that keeps fading into and submerging beneath the sands of a fictional but heavily documented and not very realistic account of the miners and their trials and wrongs. Of the others, Gavin Casey's *City of Men* is also set, in the main, on the Western Australian goldfields. It is quite unlike his other work, except that it is concerned with mining life. It begins well, with the worked out and soil-eroded valley and the marked contrast between the two brothers: the one bold and adventurous, who sets out to redeem the family fortunes at the goldfields; the other unimaginative and timorous, who waits until a place has been made for him. But from then on it runs rather flat, in spite of realistic detail and a set of characters who are lifelike so far as they go but by no means memorable. *The Earth Cries Out*, by a new writer, Harold Wells, although it deals with the mining of coal instead of gold, comes nearer to Katharine Prichard's trilogy; for whereas in Casey's novel the individuals come first and the society in which they live comes second, here the subject is the life of the coalfields and not much more than incidentally particular men and women. The conditions under which the miners work and they and their wives and children live are made very real, for Wells belongs to a mining family and knows what he is talking about. Unfortunately, since this is a subject full of interest just now, the story is not of today but of yesterday. As such however it has a marked social interest and

value, especially since Wells writes without bias and does not, like Katharine Prichard, emphasize his points to the extent of making some of his conversations quite unrealistic. But his men and women are little more than types, and not particularly interesting at that. Another novel with some social and historical bearing was Brian James's *The Advancement of Spencer Button*, but this time the bearing is on the development of the educational system in New South Wales. It is quite different from the sort of thing one might have expected after James's short stories. Abandoning the life of the countryside, he has drawn upon his professional knowledge and experience to tell of a State schoolteacher who began as a bush boy at Wombat and ended as head of a first-class Sydney High School. But Spencer's case is in some ways typical and his story is not strongly distinguished from its background. It is in this aspect of the book that much of the interest lies; for though there are lifelike if light sketches of various types of teacher and a few lively incidents, and the book is entirely human and without propaganda except in so far as satire may be reckoned propagandist, Spencer himself is, no doubt by intention, extremely dull, and his experiences, apart from what they stand for, are only occasionally interesting.

There remain, apart from republications, several novels by new or comparatively new writers, and one by a very old hand. To think of Norman Lindsay merely as the author of what are perhaps his best and most characteristic novels, *Redheap* and *Saturdee*, is to concentrate upon only one side of his literary activity, an activity so many-sided that it is impossible to get any real idea of his literary talent without reading almost everything he has written. *Dust or Polish* will not add to his reputation, but it is entertaining; it shows no sign of any flagging of the author's powers and it adds to the impression of his width of range. As to the newer writers, John Morrison's *Port of Call* is disappointing after *The Creeping City*. As in most of his short stories, the principal character is a sailor, but we read here of his varied and rather adventurous experiences in search of a longshore job. There is a picaresque flavour about this as about so many other Australian novels, and Jim's experiences are not much more than strung together, but both they and the men and women who bob in and out of the story are lifelike and interesting, so far as they go, especially the half-crazy old lady who gives Jim his first job. Helen Heney's *The Chinese Camellia* is very different; it is like an infusion of fairytale in a glass of almost real life. A beautiful young Chinese lady, trained according to old established custom as a courtesan, is sent as a present by a Chinese merchant to the

head of an Australian family in the sixties or seventies. Given a grimly obstinate and in some respects well founded determination not to refuse the gift, the consequences are not hard to imagine.

The republication of Australian literary classics continued. "Brent of Bin Bin's" *Up the Country* reappeared, and the first of the Bin Bin series, *Prelude to Waking*, was published for the first time. This novel suggests that an important element in the Bin Bin authorship was missing or overlaid. A pretentious and affected style which extends to some of the conversations; characters who are scarcely credible: it is worse than the worst parts of *Back to Bool Bool*, which itself seemed to contain something foreign to *Up the Country* and *The Ten Creeks Run*. It is well that the whole Bin Bin series should be published, but this volume would scarcely have been worth while in itself. There have also been recent editions of a couple of novels that were first published some years ago, but missed here. The most important of these was *Dusty*, which is among Frank Davison's best. Other writers have made animals their principal characters and drawn them more or less realistically, for example Jack London in one way and H. S. Williamson in another; but Davison was the first to make a serious attempt to get inside their minds. In *Dusty* this attempt is much more elaborate than in *Man-Shy*, and the conflict between the two conflicting strains in the dog, half kelpie and half dingo, is made very real, the one strain ruling in the daytime and when he is with his master, the other at night and when he is alone; there may be also a wider suggestion here. Unfortunately the story thins out between its sometimes vivid and exciting episodes, and the conclusion seems rather too much of a coincidence. The second of the reprinted novels was *The Northerner*, by Joan Colebrook, which was first published in the United States, and of which the first Australian edition appeared in 1950. This novel has many of the ingredients of a particular type of best seller: a dominating personality, sex expression and repression, impotence, masochism, and sadism. There are also fertility of invention and some good character drawing; but the characters, and in particular the principal character, scarcely accord with the atmosphere of pioneering, even in the twenties, and the book as a whole gives an impression of insincerity.

Drama was represented by Dymphna Cusack's *Three Australian Three-Act Plays*. One of the signs of a developing civilization is a growing willingness to read or attend the representation of locally written plays, as well as a growing competence in their writers. All these three plays have been awarded prizes in one competition or another; all three

are competently written, entertaining and sometimes exciting; and there are some vivid glimpses of character and incident and a salting of satiric humour. But *Morning Sacrifice*, which was first published by itself some years ago, is easily the best, perhaps because one gets an impression that its subject took deepest possession of its author. Another sign of the ripening times is the appearance of literary biographies and of essays. Here Nettie Palmer's *Henry Handel Richardson* is outstanding. It was Nettie Palmer who introduced Henry Handel Richardson to her own country; she knew her personally as well as by correspondence; and she has had experience in this kind of writing; nobody could have been better fitted to write such a life. What is more, like all Nettie Palmer's work, it is extremely well done. But she had naturally to go over much of the ground covered in *Myself When Young*, which appeared only a couple of years ago, so that one would scarcely expect to find here much that is radically new. We still do not really know the author of the only Australian and one of the very few modern English novels that deserves to be called great; perhaps we never shall, but if any fresh and enlightening information should become available, no doubt Nettie Palmer will make use of it. Australia has only one essayist of international importance (he has been attacked here in his capacity of anthologist), but of the others, L. A. Triebel (*Fisher's Ghost and Other Essays*) has many of the natural and acquired characteristics of the essayist. While it would not be true to say that subject does not matter to him, he can write on a great variety of subjects, from Cervantes to Conan Doyle, from Henry Handel Richardson to The Imagination of H. G. Wells. He does not attempt profundity, but is always easy, natural and companionable, and he is at times not without that rarest of attributes, charm. Criticism too; we have had quite a lot of that lately, though most of it has been poor. Colin Roderick's *Introduction to Australian Fiction* shows that its author has at least studied his subject thoroughly, as well as what has been written about it. He has also made a serious attempt at organizing what he has to say, even if some of his divisions are unsatisfying, in that they do not go to the root of the matter. Because of a certain lack of insight of which this is one of the results; because of an occasional inability to discern those likenesses and differences which are fundamental; the book reads scrappily and does not present a clear perspective, and there are some striking errors of judgment. It is hard to imagine a capable critic agreeing that Dorothy Cottrell's *The Singing Gold* "is destined to be one of the longest-lived of Australian novels"; that E. V. Timms is "one of the most capable of Australian historical

novelists"; or that "Catherine Martin (author of *The Australian Girl*, a novel that was very highly rated in its day), is "a sort of Australianized Ada Cambridge". Even stranger is the inclusion of James Edmond's short stories in a section dealing with out-back life. Far too much space is given to such writers as Ambrose Pratt, Dorothy Cottrell and Tarlton Rayment, and there are a number who surely ought not to be mentioned in such a work at all. Nevertheless it is a relief to find a book about Australian literature that deserves more than mere fault-finding, even if faults have to be found.

An anthology that ought to have been mentioned last year is C. B. Christesen's *Australian Heritage*. This is a quite exceptional little collection, made with imagination as well as judgment. It draws upon works of history as well as fiction, with the object of helping towards an understanding of the Australian "way of life" and its gradual development.

Scarecrow

The rag of terror has flapped its term
Where the soldier-bird, smug on the scarecrow's arm,
Dines where the peach is red and warm.

There is no redness or warmth where the bones
Of the soldiers whiten, whose hammering guns
Sculptured our safety through deathly designs.

Fear died with them, and I grow afraid
Because there is no more fear in the wide
World, no terror to dam the blood

Running a banker, to make us hold
Our loves closer, or set us to weld
Centripetal kinship uniting the wild

Nations splayed to the edge of strife.
There is no qualm to keep us safe
Where, hardened to pain's cry, we scoff

At alarms, loving beneath a bomber's
Moon, dismissing war as a summer's
Madness—scarcely a theme for rhymers.

Between the bacon and coffee we glance
Idly at oncoming atoms, suspense
Dulled to the blank of the buffeted dunce.

Shall we write life's epitaph? Or festoon
A refurbished fear, lest death shall return
To dine on the torn flesh again?

T. INGLIS MOORE

Poems by Wolfe Fairbridge

EVENING

Over the open belly of the earth
Lingeringly the sun has pressed
Its scorching iron. Muscled
Like wrestlers, the banking clouds
Hold in ambush their thunder,
A menace from over the scarp,
So longed for and aloof.

And now the careful housewife ventures forth
The evening opens
Like a rose.
Man sidles into groups: the garden hose
Plays unresisted at the grass.
So soon the day is over
And discussed.
Analysis removes the pain.
And like a sleeper, mother earth
Rolls over once again
Exposing to the glare her rested side,
And we are made aware that it is past.
The ocean's beat is over, it is still;
While we are yet unharmed.
And now arising in the air we feel
The dews, and over all the housetops now
The heat's steel cramp
Most carefully
Unscrews.

COALMINES: TASMAN PENINSULA

Sweat fretted out the sandstone here,
Broad arrows printed deep these bricks:
Now gum-tips twist the mortar clear
The Law taught slavery to mix.

Prim saplings lift the coping stone,
The hearth looks open at the stars,
Useless one doorpost stands alone,
Moss gnaws the sockets of the bars.

The Governor legislated from this slope
And ladies met for tea and chatter:
They grass the hill; now rabbits lope
On the broken willowpattern.

"LET THE SUN"

Let the sun resume the splendour
He to winter would surrender,
And the mountain leap created,
Gold on cliff and snow instated;
Let the fog-enshrouded meadows,
Shake their grey, dejecting shadows,
Till the firetails in the forest
Ravel all their brambly harvest,
And the low chinchilla ceiling
Splits, the bold blue sky revealing.
. . . Blare the trumpet, lash the cymbal,
Let the drummers thunder, martial,
And the flags be flown this morning
For the Queen herself is coming.

Ah my darling, since we parted
We have each old currents charted.
Will this morning's dawning early
Two lives break or bind more firmly?
Proud as liners, ocean-flown
Incurious wave, and pass unknown?
Or will you grasp my hand, my brother,
Welcome, wife and friend together—
Living shared and hopes in common
As my thoughts your feelings summon?

Other days have dawned more brightly
Other birds have sung more blithely;
Heavy April leaves are falling,
Maple leaves like hands, recalling
All the promises of summer.
Not for us the golden weather
Sparkling once in love's surprise,
Not the bright day's goddess eyes;
But a low and sorry waking
Fogged and frozen with no breaking
Drapes the spirit like a garment.

But since it seems our fates are hardened
Come, accept my kisses gravely:

See, the winter robin bravely
 Leaves his orchard rows to meet you
 Late last night we heard the curlew
 And today descends the plover.
 You to me are still my lover;
 Then forget this cramping shame
 Halts you at affection's claim—
 Life is flying, short of breath
 And each tomorrow is a death
 Never remembered: we have wasted
 Now more time than we have tasted.
 . . . So with sad and lowered weather
 But with doubt and hope together
 And in sober tones of warning
 Hobart welcomes you this morning.

THE OLD WOMEN

Wrinkled fist in wrinkled fist
 Stone feet of God the pious kissed
 Fallen lip on hymnal falls
 Echoed foot through aching walls.
 Gloom of plush and gleam of brass
 See the penitential pass.

Above the stained cathedral eyes
 A sharper scarp to front the wind
 Like scalpel bared to peel the mind
 Steel-webbed, steel-wrought, steel-tongued and tried
 The hospital's twin towers rise.

Blind is the iron that bolts the frame
 And torn the page that bore the Name
 The mute ineffables of private law
 Beneath the girders' dusk withdraw
 Hearing the night-wind's piping cry:
 —Precision, spareness, certainty.

Their empty wards await the dead
 The empty dead the fire has burned;
 But into harmony returned,
 Shuttered with Truth within her cage
 Like stars shall light another age
 Through grimy scaffolds overhead.

ON THE HARBOUR

The brittle chips of sail
 Spin down the wind. It bowls
 Balloons and paper caps along,
 With wash of seasons tossed behind,
 When youth and beauty fail
 And vigour of mind
 And the gradual silencing of song.

THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS

Jackby the punch-drunk, boxing among
 The buttered slats of sun a cotton-reel,
 Knows all the world—the dry, the rubbery, the bright-bare feel,
 The softly-furry and the dull. Knowledge of which, in one so young
 Emboldens instinct. Now he seems
 A kitten lurking in the hardwood floor.
 Strange! In trial he extends a curious paw
 —And pats. The cold, hard surface does not please.
 But later, in the new-blackened range,
 Another; or the same.
 The bathroom tiles reduplicate the game.
 He prances; and the figures rearrange
 With puzzling aptitude.
 Elaborately guileful first, then with fell
 Intent he tackles; and again the surfaces repel.
 He bores them . . . But is conscious everywhere of their remaining attitude.
 Moves in a house of shadows, never free
 But in a bated watchfulness,
 Cautious, on terms, Nor has the means to guess
 They are the cold reflections of himself, of Jackby.

VIEW FROM THE AIR

Wide, oh wide . . . to the blue west
 Down the flat crown winging
 Of this so slowly whirling
 Earthen ball—

Rolling, turning, whirling it with all
 Its sands and pans and flats beneath
 Our furled and folded, scorning
 Wheels away—

SOUTHERLY

Into the sunrise, into day
That dawns on China now, and floods
The crawling spineland of Malay
With bloody pall.

Westward and south from the fire-blasted
Chain, the langourous rivers fall,
Olive and grey-green through
The wasteful dun.

So careless of their freight and the scarred hills,
Ox-box and anabranth
Describe their bold, unfettered
Pattern on the plain.

Soon, soon the shallows and the bars,
These billabongs and bitter clays
Must taste correction from
Their risen sun.

Abrupt and ominous, the isobars
Push inland from the sea; awful
And mightily they butt and bear
Our quivering freight

Of precious things; and in the sheeplands
And the corn bring in the tide
That swings the errant year
Through drought or rain.

Though hugged in darkness of still lingering
Void, under the angle of the world,
Under the golden promise,
In its dusky gorge

The floody Murray puts its sides
With loam; and full ahead the rough-backed
Pinions of the Nullarbor . . .
The shuddering tonneau

Props and slides, buffeted by tongues
Of giant air. The blind force
Jars the hull, starting
A rivet in the wing.

Already, far below, a window
Gleams. And in a thousand homes they draw
The curtains back and say:
"What of the morning?"

What indeed, of every harvest gale,
Blowing through those suppliant squares.
Shall shake the milky ears
Of ripening grain?

The wide plain stares. Peopled
By leagues and leagues of wire. And soundless;
Save for banging music
Of the vanes of mills.

The Bloom of Flesh

The curve of cheek, cupped in a marble hand,
Gleaming through shadow, glowing in the dusk,
Is beauty, but not truth,—to understand
The mystery behind the bloom we must

Peel off the shadow, tear the fragile skin,
Cut to the bone and watch the beauty fall
Apart; then in the wreck of flesh begin
To know the magic is ephemeral.

Though once upon a burning noon it was
The crystal flower and the only truth,
The monster years have moved slow, silent claws
Across the mask, revealing wrinkled proof

That flesh is at the best a hothouse bloom,
The artificial blossom of a face
Tinctured with air and sunlight, fading soon
To flotsam skull washed by earth's muddy wave:

Yet, if no shadow lay across the light
And if proud flesh had never felt the dust,
Would it gleam now, all ivory, in the night;
Would it spring up to beauty out of lust?

R. L. COOK

Brent of Bin Bin

BY ARTHUR ASHWORTH

It is fitting that in the Jubilee year the plan of making all six of the novels of Brent of Bin Bin available to the public should have begun to take shape. Three of these were published in London between 1928 and 1931, and last year an Australian edition of a fourth appeared which is claimed to be the first of the Brent novels. Angus and Robertson have embarked upon a reprinting of the London publications, together with a first printing of the other two which are still in manuscript, thus aiming to bring out the six novels in the order in which they were written.

Up to the present *Prelude to Waking* and *Up the Country* have appeared, and in order of sequence the other four to come will be *Ten Creeks Run*, *Cockatoos*, *Gentlemen at Gyang Gyang*, and *Back to Bool Bool*. When all six books are available an estimate of the full importance of Brent of Bin Bin in our literature may be attempted. But for the present an interim report can be made.

The final estimate will be even more interesting if the conjectures of many critics as to the identity of the fabulous Brent are correct. At the moment, however, nothing can be added to these surmises, based on the provocative clues contained in prefaces and dedications, and on other clues internal and external. The identity of Brent of Bin Bin is to be revealed after the six novels have been finally published. It seems only fair that an anonymity so carefully preserved for twenty-five years should be maintained until the works have all appeared.

Apart from *Prelude to Waking*, the Brent novels develop the themes and follow the fortunes of the pioneer families of Bool Bool and their descendants. The as yet unpublished novels *Cockatoos* and *Gentlemen at Gyang Gyang* are referred to in footnotes in *Back to Bool Bool* in explanation of past incidents touched on there. Thus the last five novels have this unity, and, as far as one can tell, form a sequence. The people of the last novel, *Back to Bool Bool*, are referred to in the last paragraph of the first novel, *Up to Country*, and the "homecoming festival" foreshadowed there forms the conclusion to the last book. It is the completion of a plan, the scope of which covers some eighty years from approximately 1850 to 1930, and which traces the lives of a great number of people, bringing the latest generation back to the

scene of the first for a "grand corroboree of remembrance". Thus we have what must be Australia's greatest chronicle novel, written in five solid volumes.

On their appearance in the twenties the three novels published then were not unremarked by the critics, either in London or Australia. Few novels have been so discerningly reviewed. The critic in the London *Bookman* wrote:

Academic critics might dismiss it as an ingenious record of day-to-day events, but the more discerning will perceive here the born narrator, the gossip, the eavesdropper, the teller of tales. Here is a writer who knows intimately, and can draw, the up-country Australian, his work and his play, his love affairs and his humour—especially his humour. And an understanding of the Australian humour brings us very near to an understanding of the Australian himself. Brent manages to reproduce this humour by the use of a racy and spirited dialogue, compounded of rich and startling colloquialisms.

In Australia A. G. Stephens gave the writer his blessing and commended the authentic flavour of the works. He presented a new "candidate", as he had presented Furphy (also writing under a *nom de plume*) and many others. The style in its way was as strange as Furphy's and seemingly as inconsequential, the nuances as subtle, and the full flavour as difficult to experience for the uninitiated. *Up the Country* can be linked with *My Brilliant Career* (written by the "tenth muse" of Joseph Furphy) and with *Such is Life* itself. All three have a quality which is perhaps outside the sphere of literary criticism, a unique tang that is a quality of any national literature in which locality is important.

It is surprising to find *Prelude to Waking* cropping up at this time as the first of the Brent novels. It is a difficult, ill-wrought and uneasy book, a period piece already though it is set in the early twenties and the London of that time. It is perhaps a prelude to the waking of the author to the rich sources and materials discussed in the preface to *Up the Country*. In its play of ideas it is closest to *Back to Bool Bool* which, according to its author, was published out of order "because, through too much footle about past days to the neglect of unprejudiced illumination of present realities, Australian fiction is in danger of foundering in infant senility". Like that novel, it comments extensively on the state of things then, as they concerned the world at large and Australia and England in particular.

But it seems safe to take *Prelude to Waking* as being written before the five Bool Bool novels. The difference in grasp of technique and

handling of situation and character between it and the later novels is remarkable, even though the same mind left its distinctive mark on all of them. The adolescent fooling in the writing and the verbal pyrotechnics, the exuberant use of exclamation marks and pointed underlinings, the tortuous and cunning intricacies of style, the extravagant names given the people—especially the women—the bizarre words employed on occasions, the odd characters from romantic fiction and the films: all these things are less apparent in the later books. In them is indicated a growing confidence and sense of craftsmanship.

The mannerisms of style and expression in *Prelude to Waking* must cause any reader to pause. There seems to be no need for such exuberant and embarrassing foolery as is contained in the style of writing of the first few pages, and it has the further disadvantage in that few reviewers of the book appear to have survived them. Until the explanations are made, the flash-backs completed and the situation clarified so that the plot can begin to unwind, it is difficult to distinguish the wood from the trees. What Brent has to say is generally worth hearing, but these perverse difficulties force a reader to the task of over-hearing rather than hearing.

Yet *Prelude to Waking* grows in force as all the Brent books do. It has many aspects: part treatise, part romantic love story, part a penetrating and realistic analysis of relations between the sexes, and part an exact picture of the life of the time when it was written. It foreshadows most of the themes that are typical of the Brent books: the views on what England and Australia can learn from each other, the position of women in the community, the war of the sexes and a complex anti-male attitude. Of these, in the words of Brent, "more anon".

Most of the story of Nigel Barraclough and Merlin Giltinane is unfolded in a brittle, seemingly casual type of dialogue which rather cleverly suggests the spirit of the period. But there are other romantic survivals of the time that are not so convincing—the Mia-Mia tea-shop, the conventional and somewhat sentimental figures of Daddy Giltinane, Guy of the Bush and Esmé la ffollette, and the almost naïve caricatures of Mex Tarbuck and Pamela Clutterbuck-Leeper.

This difficult, subtle and curious novel is a strange introduction to Brent of Bin Bin. But with the decision to embark upon the long chronicle of Bool Bool and its people, the writer moved into a setting fixed in certainty by long association and early memory, and into a period given validity and colour by legend and reminiscence. The procedure is explained in the preface to *Up the Country*, the first of the

Bool Bool novels, in an imaginary conversation with the "Old Hands" who claimed the permanence of print as a record of their lives and achievements.

They persist earnestly, emphatically, reassuringly, that they have only to be kept true to life to make a book. They are equally insistent that they must be transcribed day by day as they lived, possuming back and forth and up and down as simply as life itself. They contend that where a history lacks epic incidents it is not legitimate to supply that lack by drawing a picture out of focus or by clutching at elements outside the rightful frame.

This explains pretty accurately the method adopted by the writer of the Bool Bool books. They follow the general pattern of *Up the Country* in construction, opening with a significant event, in this case the marriage of Rachel Mazere, which will bring a great number of people together. When they are assembled the "possuming" process begins in a series of flash-backs, setting them in place as members of the community and establishing their relationships to each other. Then the plot moves forward from point to point, the focus of interest moving swiftly from one to another, weaving together in a complex pattern a number of lives and motives.

In effect, what the technique reduces itself to is a very clever understatement of an almost epic theme. It is achieved by a rigid attention to the affair immediately in the focus of attention, and only in the big crowded scenes—race-meetings, balls, weddings and funerals—is a glimpse of the larger pattern allowed. At the end of the book the intention of the writer becomes plain. The reader has been forced to live through the day to day commonplaces, trials, decisions, family tragedies, of a great number of people, without it being insisted that these are the human threads which are woven into the cloth of history. But suddenly the cloth is produced and the significance of all its threads becomes plain.

More than this, as far as one can tell without the evidence of the two still unpublished works, the effect of the novels is also cumulative. The last one, *Back to Bool Bool*, brings the descendants of the original people back to the original place for the final crowd scene. The full pattern is circular in its return to the starting point, in its re-enacting of the vanished and the storied past, in the weird tragedy at the Fish Hole where the legendary Emily Mazere was drowned on the day before her wedding. Thus the present can be evaluated in the light of the now fabulous past. But also the patterns of conduct of the present follow the old tracings; history is duplicated in a more profound way than the

sentimental pageantry of Back to Bool Bool Week. The full import of the irony is revealed suddenly and unexpectedly in the deliberately contrived disaster of the last few pages; the living actors are caught in the same web as those of the past, and move towards the same frustrations or partial fulfilments.

The glamour of the past, lying upon the events and the eras of the early novels in the series, lends an air of romance to the books. It is a shock to discover that the technique of the writer can achieve this by the same method of keeping each single incident in the complex maze on a plane of present reality. The great flood of the Yarrabongo, and the drowning of Emily in the Fish Hole are two key events in *Up the Country*. They are done in graphic manner in a mood of straight realism. But later, in the reminiscences of other characters in other books, in the minds of the aged who were young then, they acquire the colour of romance. Eventually they become legendary, part of the high romance of the rich and glowing past. The art of the chronicler allows the reader to have it both ways.

These novels are invaluable as chronicles which depict the squatting era in New South Wales with an intimacy and penetration which bespeak first hand information, if not experience. The "old hands" themselves might be speaking. The changes that time wrought in the system as well as in the original people are recorded down the years: the influx of selectors with the Land Acts, the selections where were formerly stations, the "dummies" and the "cockatoos", and finally the managers who controlled the broad acres for distant corporations and companies.

But the Bool Bool novels are not only chronicle novels. They investigate with some skill the private struggle. The clash of temperaments within families and the relations between the sexes are the two main aspects of this. From one aspect they are all love stories, repeating in a variety of forms the Brent version of the war of the sexes. And this is a most fascinating war, because one is beguiled into romance and sentiment, then shocked by the writer insisting upon realism at a point where a really romantic writer would consider it a most impossible intrusion. Romantic happiness is reserved for the lesser characters, and a tragic frustration, allied with fortitude, is the lot of the chief personages. "Amour" is analysed with a clinical objectivity, due tribute being paid to its glamour, its power to "roll the universe into a ball and toss it towards the overwhelming question", and also to the astonishing lack

of permanence in an emotion which is so convincing because it seems eternal. Merlin Giltinane, the first Brent woman, is one with Freda Healy, the last, in being capable of love and its pangs but incapable of consummation. Freda's analysis of herself on this question in *Back to Bool Bool* is one of the most subtle and penetrating studies of a woman's mind one is likely to read anywhere. But Merlin and she, along with others of this fascinating and perverse type of woman created by Brent, are doomed to "fortitude", so that they move towards a state of mind which no disaster can upset.

Alongside these are set a gallery of women who seek their consummation in romantic marriage, deliberate contrasts to the woman who eschews sentiment completely in the sex relationship, even though she can suffer greatly through being in love. The third group is a bitter one, of the unloved and unlovable woman.

The men characters are convincing enough, but are not as intimately analysed. They are done from the outside, particularly men like old Mr Mazere of Three Rivers. Only the sensitive and artistic men like Dick Mazere reveal their minds to any depth. Men are shown also mostly in their relations with women, and here the interactions of characters are extremely well portrayed. But scenes of men in relationship with men and among men are not handled.

Over the novels the spirit of peace broods with a compelling charm. "The rivers lean on the mountains and the mountains lean on the sky." The setting is created with a lyric fervour that springs from a delicate and loving perception. Its presence grows and pervades, becoming stronger as the associations of time passing are bound up with it, and the roots of people are established in localities. The backdrop is always present in memory or in picture as the rivers of the Monaro come down to the Murrumbidgee.

The books, of course, make few concessions to the reader. This is part of an attitude which makes it more difficult for one without the necessary background to appreciate the final quality of the achievement. For those who have never lived "up country", or are unacquainted with its literature, certain things are withheld. They are never explained, and a great deal is taken for granted. We are, naturally, in better case than the reviewer of *Ten Creeks Run* in the *Times Literary Supplement* in 1931 who wrote: "A rattling good book which even the hideous Australian place-names cannot disfigure." The names at least are not hideous

to us now. Neither should the idiom be—in turn dry, sardonic, exuberant, sentimental, crude; or the style—casual, wilful, deceptively haphazard. The writer, like Furphy, had to find a new way of conveying the flavour of a life which had not been completely captured before. The Jindyworobaks, in a different medium, strove for the same thing. These books are determinedly Australian, though not offensively so, and they offer the same sort of independent challenge that Ben Jonson did in his prologue to the Masque *Hymenæi*:

And I do heartily forgive their ignorance
Whom it chanceth not to please.

The Lost Seagull

Red waves of sand unwelcoming as stone
Make up this ocean, poor bewildered bird
Driven far from the cool green waves you knew;
And against these cliffs, abruptly formed of hard
Red rock, the spray of stinging dust is thrown.

The sun that rises molten from the waves
Far to the east, is dried to a fiery ball
Above these central plains; yet you might hear
In a dark tree, the sad rhythm of the swell
Sing in the casuarina's drooping leaves.

Here in the mists of geological time
A warm sea lapped the cliffs, and a salt wind
Sang among boulders. But what does a seagull now,
A thousand miles from shore? Where are you bound,
White wanderer: vainly beating towards your home?

The hot wind out of the east has hurled you far
Inland, beyond the hope of all return.
Ah, give up the killing struggle! Fold your wings
Close on the breaking heart, and do not mourn
The lost, fair beach where you will fly no more.

NANCY CATO

A World of Good*

BY MUIR HOLBURN

I

Love comes to all, a petulant extremist,
 A Trojan horse that enters when the gates
 Of spirits righteous and impregnable
 Loll open to expose a virgin city.
 As when the spring dusk makes warm majesty
 For winter's passing from a harbour town,
 Above the spires, the cascades of homing hats,
 Light fingered air, the green leaves flustering the streetlamps,
 The windows' pose of tight-lipped reticence
 Suddenly smashed to make a dance of velvets,
 There runs the soundless morse of love's imperceptible
 Expansive communiqué. No country cousin
 Whose landscape changes dress with shrill acclaims
 That deaden the brain like wild superlatives
 Can share the joy which chance emphatic greens
 And a shift of air in the arterial canyons
 Bring home to men whose home is here amid
 The garrulous traffic and the architects' changeless geometry.
 Love comes, imperious and unfulfilled,
 Easing and sweetening all the inherited strictnesses,
 The imposed attitudes, seeping evenly
 Down through the fibrous senses of Miss Bertha Evans
 Who hastens busily from the ringing comptometer
 East to a sleepless dormitory suburb.
 She who has minced so sternly through the years,
 Mindful of Father's military dicta,
 Slackens now, under the branches and a pale rash of stars,
 Loosens her belt and her brow, takes pausing, superfluous glances
 At the sky's crumbly roses and all the refractory beauty
 Of young limbs hurrying, catches the thrill-edged mingling
 Of miscellaneous voices. Puzzled and pained
 By a cool inrush of phenomena surging and pleading
 With her uptilted chin and disavouring eye,
 She halfcraves for a flowing sense of kin
 With what is green, upgrowing, rich in hope,
 Halfgrappling for strength in the habitual ukase:
Describe and classify and, last, dismiss.
 Summon the image of Father, of the old and forbidding;

* Awarded first prize in the Verse Section of the Sydney Morning Herald Literary Competitions, 1950-1, published by kind permission of the proprietors.

SOUTHERLY

Walk, stately and purposeful, to a remembered burthen:
Knowing of the evils of the flesh, deny them!

II

Thirty years this glazed balcony has contained
Her mind in all its wincing adequacies;
The lino's dull polish, the bookshelf and the gas-ring
Have been sufficient; all one could complain of
Is the bruised internal silence, the street's meaningless nagging.
Lastly the adjacent Lil, whose ripe festivities
Gather the darkened house in convulsive shudders,
Shaking the poise of all right-thinking dreams.
Lil pleasures her hours with radios and whisky,
Trumpeting laughter and acidulous shrieks.
Lil, radiant and grubby, is the attar
Of what behaviour should avoid. Hence Miss Evans's daring:
'Miss Hotchkiss, I am loath to seem intrusive.
Your life, to you, is doubtless satisfying.
Nevertheless I cannot withhold the opinion,
Formed after months of prudent contemplation,
That you exert yourself, exert yourself unduly.
From early nights and quiet intonations
You couldn't fail to gain; at least, young lady,
Your neighbours would be the richer.'

Chewing and staring
With labouring carefulness Lil Hotchkiss answers:
'Kiddo, why don't you let those little plaits down
Once in a way? It'd do you a world of good.'
To which insentient reckless dissonance
Miss Evans will have to think of a reply
When pitying time has dressed the flaming cut.
Meanwhile a hint of her feelings to the landlord
Results in a streetdoor locked by night, but no lessening
In riotous patronage for wayward Lil.

III

Ah, bitter warm it is! The light extinguished,
She lies upon the bed, her toast untasted.
How strangely dark! The opposite eight-floor building
Has lost its night-time face of shimmering neons
That intermittently squander a tense blackness
And then a coloured haze upon the pavements.
Oh, what a honeybrown quietude prevails!
Even Lil is hushed and uptoes, and the querulous clock
Has dropped its voice and mutters of inconsequentials.

And yet, how many nights
 Through all the loafing and voluptuous summer
 She's doomed to lie, waiting for resurrection,
 Hearing the chatter of indecorous demands,
 Unspeakable hopes corrosive to her will,
 Working the overthrow of all respected
 Tenets and habits. Bitter it is to fight
 To hold an Eden that the heart, harassed, would
 Lightly surrender, while the poor brain parrots:
 'Never give ground! Reflect upon your Father,
 Spotless and terrible and a constant stranger
 To soft remorse and pity. Never give an inch!
 He dealt in none of the currencies of emotion.
 He owed not and he lent not. His mind resembled
 Crystals of matchless hardness. Recall his hands,
 Dry, shiny, shaped in a corrective gesture.'
 This was, perhaps, for Father the proper course.
 The evidence supports it. Yet who forgets the day
 They found him before his death, and what he murmured:
 'Thank God they are taking me home. I have been so lonely.'
 These words have endured, a threat to every rampart.
 'I have been lonely too, but who will carry *me* home?
 Who, even, will one day enter to gather the frail reliques,
 Dispose of the remains, shake the dust from the curtains,
 Finalise the impermanent tenancy? Who?
 'I have been lonely too. I would reach out
 To build another world from the grasp of a hand.
 But who comes to one whose speech is tuned so surely
 To keys of solitude, whose hair grows greyer
 With every hour's grey passage, whose pale thoughts
 Embrace each other like the buds of impossible roses
 Snapped in their green state from the surging stem?'

IV

The night strolls on untroubled. It exudes
 A kind of holy savour. A world of good
 (The repellent skin has withered from the phrase)
 Hovers, a teasing promise, on the spring night's
 Gathering crispness. How can one rise from the dead
 Into the heaven of life, a world of good?
 And how to thaw the pack ice and to sail
 Out to the temperate oceans? There was a girl
 Who did so once, obeyed a mystic code,
 Went supperless to bed (just as I did),
 Lay with the eyes fixed heavenward, or in that
 General direction, possibly breathed a prayer
 To some parched saint, Hilda? Margaret? Agnes?

Even this I will attempt: 'Oh, send, oh, send
 Running among my neat heaps of costly rubbish,
 Some one, some thing to set it all ablaze!
 Despatch a direction-finder, establish a distant shelter,
 For who can suffer to work alone on the mountains
 And lie at night exposed to all inclemencies;
 So I beseech you, send the delivering hand
 To intercept me now, not down the distant,
 Winding, improbable corridor of the future.
 Oh, lend a receptive ear to this imploring,
 And yield the delightful vision, the soft adoring.'
 Prayer is a labour, even to the adept.
 The dim light vanished and Miss Evans slept.

V

Caught fitfully between a pair of dreams,
 Miss Evans sighed. The honey'd midnight hour
 Suddenly dropped, as from a saintly grasp,
 A gift of glory, heat and tenderness
 That broke upon her being as a wave
 Upon a yearning beach, broke, broke again,
 And then swept back to leave a trail of flame!
 What cries to roars ascending shattered her ears
 In a converging thunderclap of bliss.
 Her hands first raised in token of resistance
 Clutched at a vision swaying in the gloom.
 Oh, blessed prayers! From all the resounding deeps
 Of all the chilly years her being echoed,
 Spilled like a swollen lake down tremulous valleys.
 Then one by one the reasoned arguments,
 The terrible imprecations, the Father's portrait,
 Grim as an early Dobell, all were seized,
 Engulfed, devoured, and their ashes hurled
 Out into utter darkness. O work—be done;
 O flames, subside; O voiceless tenderness,
 Pity and strength, like sunlight on a shallow pool,
 Surround, suffuse, suffice me.

VI

How large the balcony has grown, how soft the bed,
 How sweet the air that hangs in scented layers.
 How strange, how right that the adjoining neons
 Should now, so late, return to sudden duty,
 Scattering dusty colours on the walls!

And now a movement, now a low voice speaking:
 'Sweetheart, you're lovely. How about a kiss?'
 (The rough places shall be made smooth, the vulgar be exalted,
 The trivial shall carry oracular implications.)
 She turns. The speaker starts, begins to gabble
 Soothing incomprehensibles: 'Cripes, lady, I'm sorry.
 There must be some mistake.' (Thank God for man's
 Imperishable humour—*some mistake!*)
 'I come to visit Lil, Lil Hotchkiss, know 'er?
 The door was locked. I climbed the balcony,
 Her balcony I thought. Jeeze I was born to bungle
 Where I'm not wanted.' (O sweet irony!)
 'See 'ere, you ain't no chicken, but y' good,
 My oath, y' too damned good for stuff like this.
 I'd better go now.' (O thus brief are all
 High visitations.) 'Look, grab 'old of this,
 And bye-bye, sweetheart. Thanks.' Out of her world
 The figure stumbles. Passionately remain
 The image, the flames and all the ineffable music.

VII

The militant sun has overthrown the night.
 For the first time she turns to welcome it.
 She finds the neat coverlet rumped, and in her hand
 Clutched hot a leaf of money which replaces
 The lock of Father's hair in the Family Bible,
 For nothing earned with such excess of bliss
 Could ever be expended. Breakfast aside,
 She smiles at Lil, who lolls in her open door,
 Long haired and drowsy, then begins the journey
 Downstairs and out beneath the singing branches,
 Westward to the comptometer and all the friendly faces.
 And as she steps she hears a clear tune welling
 Up from the inward ear:
 'Awake, arise, my love, and fearless be,
 For in the heart of every man who loves
 I have a home for thee.'

The Good Worker

By DAL STIVENS

We were busy putting up a new fence when we saw a cloud of dust down on the road and thought it must be made by a sulky, at least. We turned out to be wrong because after a bit we made out a tall bloke bounding along the road as though he was trying to reach a pub before the door closed in his face. He turned in from the road and smoked up the track at a hell of a bat and before long he was yapping in a sing-song voice to the boss.

We were too far away to hear what he was saying but it didn't sound like English to us but more like Pong yabber or Eyetoe or Dagō gibberish. We guessed he must be putting it on the boss for a job, and, sure enough, within a few minutes he was heading down our way as though he had half a hot onion under his tail. It was a good three hundred yards from the homestead to where we were sinking post-holes but the long coot must have beetled over it in close to even time.

As he got closer, we saw he was too tall to be a Pong or an Eyetoe, though there was something about him that made us think of both. When he got up to us, with the dust flying from under his bluchers, he yabbered something about getting on with the job and grabbed a crow-bar and started digging away for dear life. He had a yellow dial but that might have been due to jaundice. His eyes were a bit slit-like but the glare was savage. Down each cheek he wore long side-levers but he might have had something wrong with his skin.

He was a real grafter and he dug holes about three times as fast as we did, though we weren't the ones to lie down on the job. Within five minutes the sweat was running down his face as big as marbles but he didn't slack up. After about an hour, during which the new cove hadn't said a word, the blokes knocked off for a smoke-oh. The long coot was still heaving his bar in, a little harder if anything.

"Knock off for a smoke," I says to him.

"Smoke? No smoke," he says in a sing-song sort of voice.

"Have a spell, then," I says.

"Spell? No spell," he says in his queer high-pitched yabber.

I turned it in then. The bloke went hard at it while we puffed away at our pipes and when we took up again he just grunted and

hardly gave us a look. He grafted away until lunch and even then he didn't knock off until about half an hour after us.

When we saw him scooting up to the homestead we yelled out from the cookhouse so he'd know where the tucker was served but he took no notice, and a few minutes later we heard him jabbering away at the boss and asking for a bit of rag.

"Rag?" says the boss, puzzled. "Hurt yourself?"

"No hurt," says the cove and asks again for the rag.

The boss grumbled a bit and went off. He came back with a strip off the tail of an old flannel shirt.

"Thank you, but sorry, please," says the cove then. "Please, a bit of oil."

The boss muttered something about bloody nuisances and mooched off and came back with the oil can and handed it to the bloke. The long coot tipped the can up and sprinkled the rag, handed the can back to the boss, yabbered something, and then went off with the rag, at his fast clip and scampered into the cookhouse. He scuttled over to the wall, clapped the oil rag to his nose, took a few sniffs, and then shot off down the paddock back to the job.

He arrived there on the run and picked up his bar without checking his speed and was soon swinging away. By this time our eyes were sticking out like collection boxes and we reckoned that though the coot was six foot two and looked like an Anglo-Saxon, he must be a Pong or Eyetoe or Dago, after all. When we went back to the job we had a hard squiz at the back of his neck to see if he had lopped his pig-tail off. But though the back of his neck looked as though it could have done with a bit of shearing there was no evidence, so far as our eyes could spot, that he had ever had a pig-tail.

The smell of the oil rag must have done the bloke some good because he was now grinning, looking as happy as a month of Sundays, and grafting even harder than he had done during the morning. And his pace scarcely slackened during the afternoon, though his sweat at four o'clock got as big as walnuts. When it was near sundown the coot was still lamming his bar home as though he was digging for a four-hundred-pound nugget he knew to be three feet down.

At sundown we told him it was time to knock off but he gabbled something in his sing-song about still being able to see, and when we said he must be tired, he hee-hawed and said, "No tired."

So we left him to it and it was only when we saw the sparks like fireflies rising from his bar that he knocked off and came shooting up to the homestead at the same fast bat.

When he came into the cookhouse he showed himself to be human after all because he sat down for the first time that day and even pulled a plate towards him. But when we said there was some tucker left he just grinned and pulled the rag out and stuck it on the plate. This was obviously his main meal of the day because he kept sniffing at the rag for a good twenty minutes before turning in.

The next morning he was up and down at the fence before I was awake but one of the other coves said he saw the tall coot bound out at about three-thirty, sniff his rag three times, and beat it down the paddock.

The second morning passed much the same as the first one. At lunch he bailed the boss up and asked for some more oil and this time the boss didn't mutter but went off smartly, grinning happily to himself about his luck in having such a cheap eater.

In fact, the boss was so pleased about it all he doused the rag with about a pint of oil though the bloke kept yabbering at him not to be wasteful.

Perhaps it was because the long cove had overdone it the previous day but that afternoon he didn't work nearly so fast, though we could see he was trying with all his might and the sweat ran down as big as plums, and he came in about an hour after sunset. He didn't look at all well and we wondered if he had got a touch of the sun. He sat down at the table and pulled a plate over to him and put the rag on it but this time he didn't sniff for more than five minutes before pushing the plate away from him.

The next morning he was out well before we were but one of the blokes reckoned he didn't jump out of his blankets until just a bit before sun-up.

That day the cove didn't do much more than anyone of us though he was trying like hell, with the sweat rolling off him as big as apples. He looked crook as a blackfellow's dog, green, with his eyes rolling, and he knocked off at lunch only a quarter of an hour after us. He looked even more crook during the afternoon and he turned it in, only half an hour after the sun went down.

He came up to the homestead at a fastish clip, though, and started

yabbering he had to see the boss. After a bit the boss came and then we heard the long coot gabbling away in his sing-song. He was so excited we couldn't make out what he was saying for a time and the boss was no better off. In the end we got hold of the idea that the coot was turning the job in. Having said this, the codger cooled down a little and when the boss got a word in and asked what was the trouble, the cove came back, clear as anything, though still in his yabber, with, "Sorry, please, but food no good. Too muchee rich."

Naturally, the boss got upset when he heard this and he started promising the bloke the world—bike oil, car oil, sewing machine oil, sump oil, axle grease, anything, or even to water the oil down with kerosene. And he said he'd get a cheaper cloth than flannel—worn-out cotton or anything the bloke liked to name.

But it was no go and within a few minutes the long coot was mizzling down the road, still yabbering to himself, and soon he was lost to sight, and, as the boss said afterwards, when you have a good worker you are a fool to spoil him.

Spendthrift This Life Blood

Spendthrift this life blood on the city day
Beating with soles the pavement's solid mile,
Dredging the view, pleading the mazing way
Along the building gulf's exact defile;
As small and needless in their canyon bed,
As twig on lid of flood without a trace.
None see him pass with neighbour nod of head,
None brights a smile towards a well-known face.
Who are you all who are indifferent?
On what such special mission are you bent?
The cry is snuffed as fine sieved rain on street
The crowding clamour quenches any sound.
In this huge place is squandered fond heartbeat
And pity in the iron waste of ground.

AMY McGRATH

"Love Affair"*

By JOYCE SHEWCROFT

I

You ask what are your feelings
 And your psychological finger points the question
 More exactly than I can hope to answer
 So I evade you in a long metaphor in which
 You will find nothing quite as extraneous as apples
 But still something of Eden. First of all let me say
 These are your feelings not mine;
 You should ask me sometime about my feelings.
 I should like to be mindlessly happy with my golden feelings
 And with your feelings, a litter of tiger cats.
 It is better, too, to avoid the athene analysis
 But it is characteristic of me now to double as Cassandra
 And since life so rarely warns it Agamemnons
 And since it is my modern mind you ask, my futuring
 Sosostri's mind, here is how crystals and the cards
 Echo the older stars in defining your feelings,
 Glancing coldly on our present happiness:
 Such feelings as are not coquette
 Not a playing with veils and mere sinuosity of movement,
 Are a longing for exposure, for revelation of self
 The self bounded by the desert of a disregard
 So one had almost ceased being oasis even to oneself.
 That is the sincerity, the momentary truth
 Miraculously balancing on its now point of ecstasy.
 That is the valuable gift of the dates and the water
 That is the offering of oneself to the wayfarer
 That is the generosity, the keeping no store for the famine.
 Has it always to be the longing of the mirage
 For its recognition in reality?
 Extroverting beyond the oasis,
 Feelings are a desire to be
 A topographer's map so that you can show in its
 Versimilitude the sad geography of modern love.
 I hear you say to me: See there are my cool and contoured valleys
 There are my green hills and see how icily my mind
 Passes to resolution down a long glissade
 Patient and rational. These are my southern coast's
 Relaxing sands. I have my sensuous moments here
 My palms droop still beside my sapphire seas—

* Awarded third prize in the Sydney Morning Herald Verse Competition, 1950-1, published by kind permission of the proprietors.

That was, I do assure you, but the whisk of past merman
 That should be overlooked, having found other loves
 Among the drowned captains and colonels and dead Phoenicians.
 You say to me: Explorer, see it all, possess it all,
 Bring barter for my tribes, bangles and beads
 For the sense, and for my sensibility a poem.
 You add: But how that when the trade is all complete
 Packs emptied in the heat and time's carriers
 Ready to bear you back to an ordinary traffic
 And you palm the gouged and stolen eye of the god
 And think to leave only frog-chuckling of memories in the swamp,
 Out of the jungle I overlooked to point out
 Will come the unmentioned leopard men, instincts jealous of privacies,
 To seize and slash you, and despite treated fellowship
 And the unrecriminatory protocol, to bind you
 To the staked past and leave myriad small self-disgusts to crawl
 On torn flesh and ant-like to clean back to the bone
 Until you join the clanking graveyard on the hill;
 See I'll mark the graveyard with a pin,
 And little flag—at half mast if you will.
 . . . Why do you put into my mouth, you ask, things it is not yet
 time to say.

I have a French chef among my cannibals, you will hardly
 Feel anything at all; everything disagreeable will be expertly done.
 My tribes have no further territorial ambition
 Save for uranium and minor ores useful in cataclysm
 And indeed I do not grudge you the eye of the god
 Though, tell me, are you not too superstitious to look in it?
 . . . Of course I was only speaking from experience
 Which always makes everything seem foredone
 So let us wipe out experience and the unexperienced
 May prove, on a plane either higher or lower, something quite different.
 . . . I accept your amendment. Those were certainly not my present feelings,
 Not my present plans. You are speaking of the night
 We are still, you must remember, at a manet luncheon in the sun
 The apple hardly plucked—you intruded the apple, not I.
 Why pin a plummet to my vulture wing just to demonstrate
 You know I know, beak-pierced, you'll be eaten out by asp and ant
 White bones white flesh in lice on Webster's heath.

II

In our atoll hour of sea and light
 Before you start the long channel out
 By rational charts and ritual compasses
 You say "Show me *your* feelings!" and naked I dive
 Shark knife between my teeth, stream haired,

To bring you up the secretive dark pearls
Shell-clamped in volutes of lucent mind.
Now here in their soft chamois sack of sense
I slide them to you, eyes slanting to the crew,
Knowing there'll be black fighting in the bars
And a slithering down alleys of bare feet
Before they are safely strung and clasped
In graduations of hate to ecstasy
Round the slim throat of the unknown girl.
For when you come to love in innocence
These are my dark pearls she'll wear
The smoky jewels of a fathoming despair
Lusted by all the incontinent tides that swell
Shark instincts through transoms of a carnal hell.
So there's nothing niggard in the gifting sense—
Here are more than my own pearls wrung
From the soft coast that has claimed the wrecks
Of desolate dark hearts, mine and theirs,
Those of the old riband pirate crews
Only half serious as they sent my heart
Down the long plank of a lone despair
Or swung it for the sea birds in the yards
Dry in the sigh of the bird-buffeted wind
Or, keel-drawn round the barbarous coasts of lust,
Set adrift on rafts of bereft touch.
They did not mean their murders—or their smiles—
Gaily marauding the galleon routes of love
And I intended no death drawing rockward
By cornish lights of a soft acquiescence.
Here where they all died lost in some
Sargossa of too wise too old a mind
Moods' veering wind, soul's whale-ensplended sea,
Are treasure chests I stored up heavily
And without cheer, in pirate pride of heart
Here is the necklace won rightly from
A handclasp in the sun, a comradeship,
And here the tiara of a moonlit night
And here carved emeralds of a long farewell
With unsleeping diamonds responding in the dark
To the dim glow of an unexpired heart.
Fair foul and foully fair I won
The calm diadem of the reasonable hour
And the tooled glitter of the intellect
Shatters in cut wit from the velvet
Trays of time's formal casket.
Snowy chaplet, tunic tucked and draped
With a gold chatelaine swinging at the waist,

These are the garb and seasonable gems
 To grace your girl, yet I trust she may
 Be sensuous and stroke the column of
 Your fluted throat, the narrowing ivory waist
 And bone sweep, bone blade of hip and thigh.
 I trust her hands are eloquent yet catch
 Stammering within the ebon hair,
 That she'll gather in her white lap
 The cradled goldness of her golden lover.
 Pour on her my prised lava gems
 So all her veins run rubies in the light.
 Living by justice of these secret sins,
 Always trying to be the ideal man
 Killing and thieving to a code that says
 'Weigh not with tears the scales of consequence',
 All my plunder is for you to rape,
 Take the robbed robber's best and worst
 —There's a little blood on the jewelled hilt
 And here in the silken jerkin a stained slit
 —We'll hang a locked medallion over it.
 But wear no mourning bitter twist of hair
 From all the donoring destituting loves.
 I keep nothing back in dowering you
 —Do you tease "Nothng?" in love-laughing voice
 And look demanding at my long bare hands
 —The men I was to marry keep their rings.

The Ark

Archaic youths sever the rafted grape,
 Each bunch a lovely head held by its hair,
 The god kilts his gown leaving his knees bare,
 And treads the vat and consummates the rape.
 Purses of gold are hanging from the fig
 Where the striped wasps their thieving tongues employ,
 A woman with a pitcher leads a boy
 And by the well they play at thimblrig.
 Silvery laughter floats from an upper room,
 Down olive lanes the wagons creak away,
 The hound laps milk and licks his master's hand.
 The setting sun has painted all the land
 And furbished the ark with one last-flung ray.
 Over the hill the first cloud drops its doom.

DONOVAN CLARKE

Writer and Reader

PLAY-FIELD EN ESPAGNE

The Ship of Heaven. By Hugh McCrae. (Angus & Robertson, 1951. 21s.)

Hugh McCrae's latest book, *The Ship of Heaven*, is not for people who like their literature with a stiffening of realism, sober morality, and sound common-sense. He is as indifferent as ever to these things and a prefatory announcement warns off any who may be inclined to look for them here. "Play-field, only," it declares, "for butterfly nonsense dreamed by Jeremy Jessamy, below a haycock *en Espagne*, 'all on a sommers dae'". The play that follows bears out the description. It is a light-hearted and fantastic mixture of pantomime, puppet-show, operetta, and burlesque along with other elements less readily described. Throughout there is a kind of dream-like inconsequence and an air of mischievous improvisation. To enjoy it all one must have a sense of fun, a love of gay settings and lively movement, and preference for the unpredictable and fanciful over the logical and probable. It is, as the author says, "for authentic children". The main episodes are few and loosely linked: the pranks played by Cupid on Columbine and Pierrot to make them fall in love, Columbine's ride with the roué Sir Gorgeous Gobble in his aeroplane, Sir Gorgeous' duel with the Devil and his miraculous recovery from a mortal wound, and, as a happy ending, the restoration of Columbine to Pierrot. This frail plot (the term is convenient rather than apt) is filled out with all sorts of ingenious borrowings, inventions, and imaginings. Characters from folklore, story book, and nursery rhyme—witches, ghosts, the Devil, Noah, Beauty and the Beast, and many others—bob up unexpectedly. Flowers predict sorrow or happiness to lovers and even inanimates, like the garden-seat, the path, and the water-can find voice and threaten legal action. There is much amusing stage-business like the gestures of the angels and Columbine near the beginning of Act I, the antics of the box and the porter in the same act, and the fearsome surgery in the Interlude. The dialogue is sprinkled with quips and puns and through the action songs are profusely distributed, some serious, some in rather Gilbertian vein. It goes almost without saying that in such a medley there is scarcely anything that can, in a strict sense, be called dramatic; yet with its variety of effect and its constant, even if disconnected, movement, *The Ship of Heaven* looks very stageable. It is a fair surmise that it went over very well when, set to music by Alfred Hill, it was first produced at the Independent Theatre as long ago as 1933. It might be expected to appeal especially to a young audience.

But it would be a mistake to regard *The Ship of Heaven* as merely a clever confection for the very young. There is much in it to appeal to the mature taste. McCrae's art is many-sided and it is often more subtle and sophisticated than it looks at first. His humour, for example, is more likely to be appreciated fully by the adult than by the child. At its higher levels this is not easily definable for it has various aspects. There is sometimes a suggestion of slyness (one remembers

the case of the too susceptible angel at the beginning of the play and the comfortable sigh at the end with which Pierrot contemplates his future parenthood). Whimsicality is often conspicuous (this is important, for instance, in almost the whole of the Interlude and in the scene of the dunning of Pierrot in Act II). Another aspect of McCrae's humour is its delicacy. He seldom makes us laugh aloud but he is constantly bringing a smile to the eye. Delicacy marks even clever fooling like the variations on the name of cobra-di-capello. At times the humour is so refined as to be barely perceptible. There is just a glint of it and no more in the lines in which Pierrot tells a little mournfully how he

tried
A hundred different other trades,
As mending worn-out hawthorn shades,
Or selling sunlight to the trees,
But failed in every one of these.

Here humour merges into lyricism, another quality which is likely to appeal to the adult rather than to the very young. There is necessarily much mere versifying in *The Ship of Heaven*, but it also contains many of McCrae's best lyrics. The lyrical element is no easier to define precisely than the humour, for it too appears in various and sometimes elusive forms. It ranges from the jauntiness and urbanity of Sir Gorgeous Gobble's first song and the lilting refrain of Pierrot's "Sailors and gentlemen, what do you lack-o?" to the brilliance of Columbine's description of her ride ("I have been to fairer, loftier kingdoms") and the serene eloquence of the lines with which Act II begins. Beneath the superficial change of style there are certain constant characteristics familiar to readers of McCrae's poetry. The most noticeable are a pervading freshness, zest, and vitality. He loves the earth and its delights and he sings of them lustily, with something of the rapture of first experience, whether his subject is the charms of Columbine, the passage of the "shining summer sun" across the sky, or ponies "fat and full of summer treasure". But it is also characteristic of McCrae that while he is very much a poet of this world he continually seems to be on the point of leaving it for another, less substantial and more remote. An extreme refinement can nearly always be felt in his poetry. This quality exists in the music of many of the lyrics in *The Ship of Heaven*, as anyone will see who reads Pierrot's songs "What sweetness fills the vale" and "Dragon-fly and bee are sailing". It is seen again in McCrae's delicacy of perception and sensitiveness of phrase. He responds not only to the splendours of the earth and to the obvious delights of the senses but also to smaller manifestations of nature and to subtleties of mood and experience, and he expresses them acutely and beautifully. "The smothered drums of Spain" sound in imagination; he notes how among brooks and meadows "shadows kiss their fellow shadows"; and he hears

the tapping fall
Of lightest footstep . . . like the brief
Dry crackle of an autumn leaf
The hungry wind in nightmare chase
Doth whisk along the garden-place.

The poetry of *The Ship of Heaven* is thus sensuous and aerial, earthly and elusive, of the flesh and yet tantalizingly close to the spirit. It should be added

that it is also poetry which has more depth than one may think. Though he is usually carefree, even when he is most delicate and subtle, McCrae has moods in which he is not untouched by melancholy at the thought that the pleasures and beauties of which he sings do not endure. Now and then a shadow crosses the ideal regions of his fancy; death is remembered and the Moon recites the lines beginning "Peace, tragic fool"; or love is denied or unrequited and Pierrot utters his poignantly beautiful lament:

None so lonely
I, the only
Pale impatient child of sorrow.

Other aspects of the book might be mentioned; the deft and not too frequent introduction of the grotesque and the macabre, the occasional use of rather gentle satire, and that fine control of pace and timing and feeling for muted effect which help to produce the quiet curtain of the Interlude and the pleasing diminuendo of the conclusion. But these aspects are of lesser importance. The essence of McCrae's art lies in his poetry and his humour. Though it has been necessary to discuss them separately they do not, of course, exist in distinct compartments in the play. They interpenetrate the very diverse material of which it is composed. There are few of its pages that are not enlivened by a characteristic archness and whimsicality or enhanced by a delicate music or some haunting felicity of phrase. By virtue of the humour and the poetry what might have been only a clever entertainment becomes a work of individuality and beauty.

C. J. H. O'BRIEN

STOP-GAP OR RASH SALLY?

Fourteen Minutes: Short Sketches of Australian Poets and Their Works from Harpur to the Present Day. By H. M. Green. Revised and brought up to date by Dorothy Green. (Angus & Robertson, 1950. 10s. 6d.)

Contemporary Australian Poets. By Arthur Murphy, B.A. (Marunyah Press, 1950).

There is in existence no critical history of Australian poetry to date. Sladen's *Australian Poets, 1788-1888* once served, but nothing comparable has been attempted for the period 1888 onwards. There have been various critical studies of selected poets, of course, of which T. Inglis Moore's *Six Australian Poets* (1942) is the most satisfactory, and H. M. Green has published several summary surveys of literature in general, the fullest being his *Outline of Australian Literature* (1930). But there is no major work from which the student or general reader might obtain an adequate conception of the history and development of our poetry as a whole.

When the first edition of Mr Green's *Fourteen Minutes* appeared in 1944, therefore, it was a stop-gap of some importance. There was never any suggestion that it could serve a permanent function: both its origin and nature as wireless talks, lasting fourteen minutes each, precluded that. Its re-issue, in the revised edition now under discussion, is among other things a measure of the continued neglect of the subject. No one is to blame. Major works of historical criticism are not written in a year or so, they may take ten years, and until the completion of the history of Australian literature, which Mr Green himself is said to have

undertaken, or some similar work, we are likely to have to make do with stop-gaps. And even a general history of Australian literature will not give us a history of Australian *poetry*.

Mr and Mrs Green are aware of all this in their preface; and inadequate as their work is for those needing a proper orientation to our complete poetic tradition, it is the least inadequate work available. One can only share the authors' hope that before another edition is required some major work will have appeared to replace it.

Their book is divided equally between the dead and the living poets, the revision having consisted in a certain pruning of the sections devoted to the dead, in order more adequately to represent the moderns, as compared with the first edition. There are certain signs that the revision was hurried. It may have been possible, seven years ago, to pass such a statement on ballads as: "hardly anybody writes them nowadays" (p. 27), but it is certainly misleading today, in view of the recent work of Hopegood, Stewart, Manifold, Campbell, Slessor, and Judith Wright. Theirs are not folk ballads, of course, but neither is Mr Green talking of folk ballads. And there is at least one error of biographical fact, where Kendall is said to have met Harpur in *Sydney* (p. 14), which he never did. Kendall first met Harpur when he visited him at Euroma, in 1867. The bibliographical information on Baylebridge (p. 100) is unnecessarily easygoing, and dates need amendment on page 134.

The plan of the book necessitates a summary treatment, but at the same time requires some attempt to clothe the skeletons. This is a difficult task and it is not surprising that the author should, on occasion, have fallen between the two stools. What strikes one, on the whole, is the justness of the summary remarks. The following specimens will indicate this: of Gordon—"he is as much underrated now as he was overrated for a generation or two after his death". O'Dowd was "a poet in spite of himself . . . his stanzas tick off like a metronome. There is heat in them, but it is a dull heat". Brennan's Wanderer "is more than any individual man; he is humanity". Of Mary Gilmore: "Her images lack McCrae's perfection of vivid beauty, and O'Dowd's striking compulsive force; but they go deeper than McCrae's images, and they are simpler and more natural than O'Dowd's". Of Shaw Neilson and McCrae: "Shaw Neilson's poems are delicate, elusive, feminine in their sensibility; they remind one of the faint scent of a wild flower. McCrae's poems on the other hand are masculine, sensuous and rich; to read them is like eating a ripe pear".

The element of phrase-making is quite a feature of the book, often with the happiest results, as when we are told "Neilson is a violet growing in the shade of a stone", and of his pursuit of beauty: "he is always fluttering after it, as if a bird were to try to perch upon a rainbow". Sometimes, however, the result is not so happy. Thus, when, still speaking of Neilson, Green writes: "The contrast between Neilson and the circumstances of his life is so marked that one cannot help asking how this most shy and sensitive of poets could endure the roughness of his surroundings; it was as though a flower should manage to grow out of a rock"—where one is tempted to ask: "Well, don't they?" Or, when speaking of Harold Stewart's style and its tendency to distract the reader's attention (as Mr Green thinks) he says: "it is as though one were to admire the reflections in a

lake without thinking of the trees that cast them". In both these cases one wonders whether a premonition of the shallowness of the observation has not betrayed the writer into half admitting it. But perhaps this is to consider the writing too curiously.

There is, however, one serious criticism, I think, to which Mr Green lays himself open: that he has a static conception of literature. I have no doubt that Mr Green would be the first to discountenance such a conception wherever he found it, and it is true that once or twice he implies a consciousness on his part of how the evolution of taste has affected an author's reputation. Yet I wonder if the implication of certain other of his remarks is to be accounted wholly to the exigencies of brevity. What I have in mind comes out most clearly in his remarks on Harpur and Kendall, but it crops up also in the sections on Gordon, Brennan, Lawson, and Paterson. Of Harpur we are told that "his poetry is hardly Australian" (p. 6); that "he cannot catch the local atmosphere" (p. 8); that in his specifically Australian work "the whole tone is wrong" (p. 9). Of Kendall we are told that "neither he nor his verse is *typically Australian*" (p. 14—my italics); of Gordon: "he never became Australianized"; of Brennan, *inter alia*, that his verses "do not make one feel they belong to this country as Lawson's works do".

It is hard to avoid the conclusion that behind all these remarks there lies either a static conception of what is "Australian", or at least some confusion regarding the evolution of taste. It is one thing to say, as conceivably we might, that Harpur or Kendall, or both, fail to express what is "Australian" to us; it is quite another thing to imply that we have any more adequate conception of "the Australian", *sui generis*, than Harpur or Kendall. The facts of the matter are, so far as we can judge them, that Kendall expressed "Australia" very adequately in the opinion of his contemporaries; and within certain limits the same is true of Harpur. So also, the remarks on Gordon and Brennan are equally misleading, Gordon struck his contemporaries as pre-eminently "Australian"; indeed what has come to be regarded as "typically Australian" (as displayed for instance in the film *The Overlanders*) has to no small degree been modelled after him. And as for Brennan, I for one can never read *The Wanderer* without seeing in my mind's eye, not so much the coast from Manly to Newport, as the sorts of homes one passes that way.

Mr Green seems at times to be dominated by a conception of "Australia" which characterized the first quarter of this century, and which may be studied in the paintings of the so-called "Australian School" of Roberts, Streeton, and others. No one would dream of calling their works other than Australian, but they do not form the definitive Australian school. There are many Australias, from that of Conrad Martens to that of Drysdale. The truth is each generation, if not each individual artist, forges its own conception of Australia, and none of these is more than fragmentary or other than subjective. I believe Mr Green would admit this without hesitation; I am not so sure he would admit what also seems clear to me, that only false criticism can result from the attempt to judge Kendall, Harpur, or any other poet, solely on the grounds of his appeal to the present. To attempt the latter seems to me to be a failure, such as Mr Green ascribes to others, an instance "of that sympathy from without which is first cousin to condescension".

But if Mr Green sometimes appears to condescend in this fashion, he is generally most judicious. This cannot be said of Mr Murphy, in his *Contemporary Australian Poets*. Far from appearing to condescend, Mr Murphy strikes one rather by his over ardent admiration, his almost adolescent desire to "enter into" his subject. His pamphlet is, in a sense, a counter-poise to Mr Green's book, one of the disappointments of which is its failure, for reasons of space, to do justice to the younger contemporary writers.

Mr Murphy concentrates on the latter, selecting for treatment Judith Wright, William Hart Smith, R. G. Howarth, Douglas Stewart, Rex Ingamells and R. D. FitzGerald. It is a rather surprising collection; but one hesitates to comment. Mr Murphy writes in what might be described as an *Angry Penguin* style, meta-physical, emotional, with occasional fused syntax, and high lights on the operative words. Thus, speaking of Judith Wright's *The Moving Image*, he says:

Bound in, and entrammelled by a mechanical age, the poet sunders herself from the guhs of unrest, and surcease is invited in "sleep", "music", and "love". This love is more than a cerebral excitation of the brain, is more than a physical manifestation of passion; it becomes rather part and parcel of the ultimate region of thought where humanity is symbolized by large and tragic utterance on a canvas slung between sky and sea. What is impressive in this poem is the adequate *jointing** of thought and imagery, the finely linked sequence of the large world of emotions alternating between triumph and despair. The music is warmly toned at times and then alternately changes to the elegaic pitch of the "Adonais", but without the latter's clearer spirituality and height. Rather is it the anguished and heavy drag of ocean on vast and indeterminate shores of human experience.

The style is verbose at times. Note for instance, the unnecessary phrase "of the brain" in the above

In general Mr Murphy is thoroughly "avant garde", though in the essay on R. G. Howarth (an admirable essay, by the way) he surprises one by his blindness to the contemporary influence of Donne: "it is a far cry from the poetry of Donne to that of the present day". Doesn't Mr Murphy read the poetry appearing in *Meanjin*, or hasn't he noticed the influence of Donne, so obvious there, even if it does percolate via the American *Fugitives*?

The eagerness to avow his loyalties, which lends conviction and even passion to the essays on Judith Wright and FitzGerald, is not always at Mr Murphy's beck and call. The essay on Douglas Stewart, in particular, shows a certain perfunctoriness in its opening:

Since the advent of "Ned Kelly" into our literary firmament, Australian verse drama has assumed a definite poetical quality unnoticed here before.

There is a self-conscious air in the stilted phrases "advent", and "into our literary firmament", and a curious lack of conviction in such an observation as "'Ned Kelly' possesses the virility and essential background which one would expect from a play on such a subject". However, the writer warms to his task, and coming to *The Fire On the Snow*, he writes with insight, even if with embarrassing flamboyance. And though the pamphlet as a whole strikes one most as a display of pyrotechnics, it does critical justice to the authors discussed.

In the essay on Rex Ingamells there occurs reference to Mrs Langloh Parker

* My italics. This is what I mean by "high lights on the operative words". "Jointing", coming in the midst of so many poetical metaphors, indicates the critic is not so carried away that he cannot keep his eye on the poet's craftsmanship.

as the first to blaze "the trail in bringing out the poignancy and beauty of the native legends". But surely George Gordon McCrae blazed this particular trail in his *Balladeadro* and *Mamba*, and in verse at that! Those who see nothing to admire in Ingamells—and the gossips have been particularly busy since the publication of *The Great South Land*—should read this essay of Murphy's. It is perhaps the most just of all six essays.

DONOVAN CLARKE

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS SURVEYORS

Shakespeare Survey 4. Edited by Allardyce Nicoll. (Cambridge University Press, 1951. 12s. 6d.)

In spite of a few sneers from Cambridge about "the Shakespeare industry", *Shakespeare Survey* has been generally accepted as an annual handbook useful to all interested in Shakespeare, both academically and in the theatre. This being so, it becomes less important to review each number separately as it appears; readers will either buy *Shakespeare Survey* automatically, as they will buy a periodical and *The Times Literary Supplement*, or they will not, and differences between one issue and another will hardly affect the decision.

It goes without saying, then, that the three surveys of the year's contribution to Shakespearian Study ("Critical Studies", "Shakespeare's Life, Time and Stage" and "Textual Studies", by J. I. M. Stewart, Clifford Leech and James G. McManaway, respectively) are valuable. The contributors strive to be both comprehensive and impartial (Mr Stewart even censures some of the psychoanalytic treatment of Shakespeare which to me seems no worse than his own). But there is some unnecessary overlapping; it does seem absurd for Mr Leech to survey the surveys in last year's *Shakespeare Survey*; and concern with international politeness sometimes leads to misleading understatement: I may be wrong, but I suspect that Mr Stewart found Mary Crapo Hyde's "comprehensive" *Playwriting for Elizabethans* as unrewarding as I did.

Pride of place in the current number is given to what is virtually another survey, Kenneth Muir's "Fifty Years of Shakespearian Criticism: 1900-50". This difficult task has been creditably carried out, but there are bound to be protests: G. Wilson Knight receives more space than any other critic; the account of E. A. Armstrong's *Shakespeare's Imagination* is inadequate and misleading; Masefield's unimportant booklet is called "brilliant, aphoristic and original" and criticized only for the author's occasional "imposition on Shakespeare of his own moral views" (as if that weren't enough to damn it anyway) and—of course—Waldock's *Hamlet* is not even mentioned (academic politeness does not always extend to Australia).*

Some of the general articles seem to me not quite as good as is usual either for *Shakespeare Survey* or for their authors (e.g. those by Hardin Craig and M. C. Bradbrook). One that will stimulate, however, is J. Dover Wilson's "Malone and the Upstart Crow". Here, briefly, the argument is that Robert Greene was, as Malone long ago claimed, accusing Shakespeare of plagiarism,

* Incidentally, Alfred Hart, of whose death we heard with regret some time ago, is still listed as Australian correspondent.

when he spoke in the *Groatsworth of Wit* of the "upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers hart wrapt in a Players hyde*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Iohannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrey." The "evidence" against the later view, that Greene was merely jealous of an actor turned playwright, consists of two contemporary documents which *seem* to take Greene's words in the first sense (I am not convinced that they do in fact understand Greene in this way) plus the suggestion that the source of Greene's words is in Horace's third epistle, where Horace does cite the figure of the crow in borrowed feathers in connection with literary pilfering. All this is not as conclusive as Professor Wilson seems to think; but he could be right. He somewhat coyly invites reply from Peter Alexander and W. W. Greg; and perhaps it will come. Certainly one may point out that even if he is right about the nature of Greene's charge, this does not prove (as he seems to suggest it proves) that *Henry VI* is itself collaborate work or stolen.

There are other articles, none of them poor and most of them, notably L. W. Henson's "The Shakespeare Collection in the Bodleian Library, Oxford", both readable and valuable for reference. Richard David's "Shakespeare's Comedies and the Modern Stage" is indeed a model of how a review of modern productions of Shakespeare can be used to establish or reinforce critical principles or interpretations. The "International Notes" and articles on Shakespeare in Slovakia and in Post-war Yugoslavia have mainly "gossip" value. But if it is with mere amusement (or indignation) that we learn of a Slovak performance of *As You Like It* based on the idea of the essential contrast between the court of Celia's father "nothing but a rotten prison full of intrigues dictated by the egoistic needs of individuals" and a Forest of Arden where "nature . . . forces them to respect one common interest—that of the whole", it is with something closer to an academic interest that we learn of the difficulties of translating Shakespeare's iambics into languages where the stress accent always falls on the first syllable (Slovak) or there are "comparatively few monosyllabic words which can take an accented position at the end of a line and hardly any words of two syllables stressed on the second" (Serbo-Croatian).

I should like, finally, to commend the photographs of important documents and also of recent productions—by no means the least interesting feature of a generally interesting volume. Certainly the editor deserves congratulations for, on the whole, keeping up the standard so well.

H. J. OLIVER

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH. . ."

A Book of Australian and New Zealand Verse. Edited by Walter Murdoch and Alan Mulgan. Fourth Edition. (Cumberlege: Oxford University Press, 1951. 10s. 6d.)

"Whether owing to excessive vanity or to lack of it, I am not tremulously sensitive to adverse criticism," writes Professor Murdoch in a prefatory note to the fourth edition of *A Book of Australian and New Zealand Verse*. Such a statement does much to ease the conscience of the critic as he sets about his task.

This unhappy anthology first saw the light of day in 1918, and within five years a second edition, heavily revised, was issued. The third edition did not appear until 1945, twenty-three years later, and was discussed in *Southerly*, 1946, Number Four. Now, after a reprinting in 1949, the fourth edition has been issued.

Each new edition of this anthology, which is, unfortunately, thought of as the *Oxford Book of Australian Verse* (with all the prestige and definitiveness that the blue cover carries), is awaited with intense interest and apprehension. It is as though the book were some child, born misshapen, which enters the operating room periodically to suffer the plastic surgeon's knife. At each operation there is some improvement—but will the child ever be normal?

The greatest advance in the new edition is the complete separation of the New Zealand section into the latter part of the book, under the separate editorship of Alan Mulgan, the New Zealand poet. One feels that the New Zealand section has fared better than the Australian section, but this review is concerned mainly with the latter.

In the Australian section (203 poems), the changes from the third edition are:

Omissions: Johannes Andersen, "Summer"; Marcus Clarke, "In a Lady's Album"; Adam Lindsay Gordon, "Whisperings in Wattle-Boughs", "Gone"; O'Dowd, "Quail"; Sir Henry Parkes, "Weary"; J. L. Rentoul, "Australia"; D. H. Rogers, "Homeward Bound"; Dora Wilcox, "At Evening" and "Liebesweh"; F. S. Williamson, "The Magpie's Song"; Paul Grano, "Pray Pity for Bill Smith", "Walking Samford Way"; C. B. Christesen, "Reef Wrack", "Dawn at Flying-Fish Point"; Harpur, "Sonnet", "A Similitude", "Regret"; Quinn, "The Hidden Tide"; Jose, "Freedom the Goddess"; Ethel Turner, "A Christ-child Day in Australia".

Additions: J. K. Ewers, "The Reaper"; Brian Fitzpatrick, "Cenotaph"; Mary Gilmore, "The Willow by the Fountain", "The Passionate Heart", "Remembering", "Christmas Carol", "Contest I Ask", "Nationality"; Paul Grano, "Song of the Butcher-bird", "A Word for the Innkeeper", "Roots Thrust Deep"; Paul Hasluck, "At Wyndham", "Fancy Dress Ball"; J. A. Henderson, "Who are the Brave"; Rex Ingamells, "Sale-Time", "The Exile"; David MacNicoll, "Air Mail Palestine"; T. Inglis Moore, "Refugees"; "Benguet Miracles"; Ian Mudie, "Cause for Song", "Tides", "New Guinea Campaign"; A. B. Paterson, "Waltzing Matilda"; Slessor, "Pan at Lane Cove", "Talbingo", "To a Friend", "Cannibal Street", "Sleep"; John Thompson, "When Forty Summers—", "Interruptions"; Marian Weigall, "Friendship"; Judith Wright, "Train Journey", "Dust", "Woman's Song", "The Bull"; C. B. Christesen, "Thus Winter Comes", "Song", "Sea o' Edge", "If You Are As Kind"; Quinn, "Men Who Try".

The addition of thirty-five poems (twelve replacing previous poems) appears impressive at first glance, but a closer inspection reveals that only nine new poets have been added. These poets are: J. K. Ewers, Brian Fitzpatrick, Paul Hasluck, J. A. Henderson, David MacNicoll, T. Inglis Moore, Kenneth Slessor, Marian Weigall, and Judith Wright. Of these, Slessor and Judith Wright are "musts", and Hasluck and T. Inglis Moore deserve a place. Whether the other five should receive any space at all when so many leading contemporary poets are completely ignored seems very doubtful.

According to R. G. Howarth, reviewing the third edition, FitzGerald had refused to be included in that edition. We can only hope that it is FitzGerald's refusal, and not Professor Murdoch's choice, that causes his omission from the fourth edition. Similarly, we hope that Baylebridge's exclusion is only due to his executor's knowledge of the poet's aversion to anthologies.

In the Australian section, the second edition tally of 170 poems has grown to 203 in the fourth edition, by adding 33 poems and the changing of 36, yet a large proportion of dead wood remains.

That school of poets which one might call the Melbourne Hacks receives a disproportionate share of space, although F. S. Williamson has been cut from four poems (second edition) to two. Western Australian poets are over-represented, while Sydney poets receive the shabbiest treatment of all.

It is fascinating to watch the results of Professor Murdoch's "popularity poll" over the last three editions. Assuming the number of poems to indicate the Professor's rating, the results have been:

Second Edition: First, O'Dowd (8 poems), followed by Gordon (7 poems), Neilson and William Gay (6 poems), Kendall (5 poems), then Williamson, Brennan, Brereton, Enid Derham, Louis Esson, Dowell O'Reilly, Roderic Quinn and Elliott Napier (4 poems).

Third Edition: O'Dowd and Gordon still in the lead (8 and 7 poems, respectively), Wilmot moved to third place with Neilson (6 poems) then Kendall (5 poems) and the remainder as in the second edition less Williamson, who dropped into the ruck with three poems, and with Gay.

Fourth Edition: The whole field has been rearranged to bring Mary Gilmore to the front (8 poems), then O'Dowd (7 poems), Wilmot and Neilson (6 poems). Level with Gordon and Kendall (5 poems) are Slessor, Mudie, and John Thompson. With four poems each are the same group as in the third edition, with the addition of A.B. Paterson (due to the inclusion of "Waltzing Matilda"), Ingamells, Judith Wright and C. B. Christesen.

Indeed, the space given to the various poets has followed rules even more obscure than those determining inclusions and exclusions. Surely it is only chivalry that gives Dorothy McCrae the same number of poems as brother Hugh, or Enid Derham the same number of poems as Christopher Brennan! What strange motive caused Professor Murdoch to move Mary Gilmore, previously underrated with two poems, to the leading position, with eight? Are we to take it that the leading contemporary poets, apart from Slessor, are Mudie and John Thompson?

The choice of poems to represent each poet is no more happy than the other characteristics of the anthology. There is a distinct, and not unexpected, bias towards nationalism, some thirty poems being directly on this theme. Some poets are almost misrepresented by the choice from their poems. For example, the three McCrae poems "Never Again", "A Bridal Song", and "Australian Spring" fail to convey that delicacy of touch which McCrae has achieved in scores of other pieces. Even Professor Murdoch's favourites, like John Thompson and Ian Mudie, are not well represented.

For all the faults which still remain, however, the anthology is greatly improved in its latest edition. The separation of the New Zealanders is a distinct advance, although we Australians cannot be happy about the loss of Douglas

Stewart to the New Zealand section; nevertheless it is better that he be there, rather than completely omitted, as in previous editions.

Indeed, with the paucity of alternatives, Murdoch's anthology helps to fill an unfortunate gap. The only two rivals are Mackaness's and Serle's: of these two, Mackaness is too undigested (although fascinating reading because of it) while Serle, for long the standard collection, is, by now, too out of date. Therefore, however mixed our feelings, we can only welcome the latest edition of the "Oxford Book".

KELVIN LANCASTER

PEDAGOGY, PEARL AND PLAIN

The Advancement of Spencer Button. By Brian James. (Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1950. 12s. 6d.)

Brian James has written, in *The Advancement of Spencer Button*, a novel that weaves a rich pattern of life as it is spun in the education service of this State. It is this pattern with which he is most concerned and in it the Button motif takes up most of our attention. Spencer Button's fortunes are, for most of the book, the centre of the general pattern, and the pattern itself determines their shaping. Spencer's career is traced from infancy in a struggling country family to the height of his earthly ambition—headmaster of a first-class High School. The treatment of this odyssey is rich in the sympathetic irony that we have learnt to associate with many of the *Cookabundy Bridge* stories. What a delicious flavour there is in the title itself!

Spencer is selected as a type of person who "makes good" in the Education Department. His evolution takes place inevitably, naturalistically, in terms of heredity and environment. We are treated to the absurd scheming, planning, scrutiny of promotions lists, the policy of playing safe, of currying favour, of window dressing, of pressing claims at appropriate moments; in short the technique of the "yes man". The inevitable concomitant of this "advancement" is the stunting of human values. Expediency replaces honesty of action. Achievement brings its Dead Sea fruits of frustration. Spencer achieves loneliness, emptiness, poverty in human relations. He emerges as a figure of tragedy, for he realizes his failure but has been powerless to avert it. The women in his life are a measure of his failure. Winnie, his early idealistic love, becomes a prostitute and takes her life. As he views her body at the morgue the tragedy of his failure rises before him. The anaemic love between Spencer and his wife, Susie, breeds nothing healthy (though their son bids fair to develop into a professor of dead languages). Once campaigning for the career is well under way, they have nothing to give each other. Dumpling gives promise of a richer relationship, when it is too late. Spencer cannot break from the path he has elected to follow. His association with her shows in all its bitterness the possibility of what might have been. These indeed are creatures of the race of hollow men, the straw men.

The story of Spencer takes us through the educational history of the last half-century, from the old pupil-teacher days, through the establishment of the high school system, to the present reign of the psychologist. The range extends beyond

the educational world, showing the impact of wider social changes in our community. There is a richness in the many characters. All types of teachers are present—the strong disciplinarian, the weak, the bully, the failure, teachers who are ambitious, jealous, disappointed; inspectors, headmasters, assistants, ex-students, pupil-teachers. With them are irate parents, scheming parents, meddlesome parents, citizens official and unofficial. The book lives in many memorable scenes—innumerable school situations, the talk of staff rooms, school functions (e.g. the pre-Great War Empire Day celebration at the Leicester Street School). The story takes in country, city and town. This is a spacious novel, almost Dickensian in its rich detail. At times this wealth of material tends to clog the movement because of its very abundance, though few readers will bother to lay this charge.

Brian James's achievement is to give us a full-length portrait of a man in whom human values are sacrificed for expediency. As such a person Spencer Button approaches universality. All he is left with is some expertness in avoiding what trouble he may in the staffs supplied him. He stands a pathetic figure seen in the full perspective of a half-century's story.

KEN LEVIS

TROLLOPE'S TOUR

Anthony Trollope in Australia. By M. Muir. (The Wakefield Press, Adelaide, 1949. 12s. 6d.)

No one familiar with Trollope's methods of novel-writing (the daily schedule completed before breakfast, with watch in front of him; words and pages counted; a new novel begun the day after its predecessor was finished) will be surprised at the thorough and methodical way in which he carried out his tour of Australia on his first visit in 1871. Though his express purpose in coming out was to see his son, he did not indulge himself in any unproductive expenditure of time: extensive travelling in six States gave him material for the Australian section of his book *Australia and New Zealand*. He was more interested in providing systematic information about the colonies than in telling the story of his travels: Miss Muir has pieced together that story from his own references and from newspaper reports, producing a readable little book which should interest students of Australian history in the 1870s as well as Trollopians. She quotes extensively from her sources but has not found much in the way of private and unofficial comment, by Trollope himself or by the colonists, though public references indicate that his popularity as a novelist extended to Australia.

The passages Miss Muir quotes give glimpses of Trollope's personality (for instance, the good humour, despite a grumble or two, with which he resigned himself to an inspection of every mine that he visited), prove his readiness to rate Australia's unfamiliar beauties above the wonders of the Old World (even Bantry Bay, he declared, was not equal to Sydney Harbour, and the Hawkesbury beat the Mississippi as the Mississippi beat the Rhine), and throw some interesting sidelights on colonial life in the seventies: it is illuminating to find that the "Colleen Bawn" was acted with considerable talent at Gulgong, where the gold rush had recently begun, that "the Australian miner when he is at work never drinks—and seems to feel a pride in his courtesy", that at one station he lived on a diet

of beef because "wool had gone up, and sheep had become valuable, and the squatter could not be persuaded to kill a sheep for love or money". Miss Muir refers to Trollope's admiration for Sydney University, but does not quote his praise of its hall as "the finest chamber in the colonies" or his admission that, "in a fiscal point of view, I cannot say that the university has been as yet a success".

One or two random comments occur to me. There seems no point in preserving, except in quotations, the spellings "Paramatta" and "Currajong". It might perhaps have been mentioned that the lecture "On English Prose Fiction as a Rational Amusement" has been published in the collection *Four Lectures*, edited by Morris L. Parrish. The introductory discussion of Trollope's work as a novelist, irrelevant to Miss Muir's subject, is too brief to be of much independent value, but it is good to find her protesting against the prevalent notion, derived from inadequate knowledge of the range of his novels, that he never criticized the society of his time.

T. G. HERRING

CHRIS BRENNAN*

Christopher John Brennan, sometime Professor of German and Comparative Literature in the University of Sydney, stood for the true grand manner in life and in literature. He was large of body and dignified in bearing. When he spoke, it was in rich rolling tones, every word being given its full value. His customary outer dress was a cloak and a wide-brimmed hat. He smoked the biggest of pipes for which he carried whole jars of tobacco. Everything about him, everything he did, was impressive. From his own undergraduate days he was recognized by his friends and fellows as a personality—indeed, as a genius—and later on poets did homage to him as "a prince of their order". Yet for all that he retained his humanity—something which is shown by his liking for the familiar abbreviation of his name, Chris—and he enjoyed the warm friendship of many of the most distinguished men of his day.

In poetry his master was the great exponent of the grand style in English, John Milton. Like Milton he aimed only at the highest and noblest in theme, thought, and expression. He would have nothing to do with the cheap, common, and facile. On his chosen subjects he wrote very deliberately. Then he refused to publish until he had perfected the form of his poems, with the result that after publication they never needed to be reconsidered. To all appearances he wrote relatively little: there were two books, one of fair size, one small; and there were some pieces left in manuscript at the time of his death. Yet what he published was packed with learning and full of suggestion. The result is that his work requires study. Furthermore, he conceived his collection of *Poems, 1913* as one

* A talk given (by proxy) in the Australian Broadcasting Commission's Commonwealth Jubilee series on Australian Literature, in January 1951; developed from a Commonwealth Literary Fund Lecture at the University of Sydney in June 1948. Acknowledgment is made to the A.B.C. and to Mr G. A. Wilkes for communicating his recovery of Brennan's distinction between vision and mysticism.

indivisible whole, and arranged it accordingly; which means that the book must be studied from beginning to end; and, in fact, to understand it completely, one needs an intellect at least equal to Brennan's own. But since no one possesses or is likely to possess that, we must be content with partial understanding. We may of course read and enjoy single poems, or even groups of poems like the "Wanderer" series; but we shall never get the best out of Brennan without some attempt to seize his grand conception, to appreciate the greatness of his work and its rising to sublimity. I shall give briefly my own interpretation and hope that it may lead others to make further discoveries in the monumental writings of our finest poet.

I've said that Brennan's master in poetry was Milton. No one helps us better to understand Brennan, who is usually regarded as difficult or obscure. Towards the end of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, we remember, Adam, who has forfeited the earthly paradise, Eden, is directed to concentrate on the paradise within him, the internal peace and happiness which are to be attained by submission to the heavenly will and by contemplation. For Brennan, Eden became the symbol of the divine unity, the ideal life, spiritual perfection, which could be apprehended by the imagination alone. We see, then, that Brennan meant something above mere moral or religious discipline: a direct approach to deity. Appreciation of earthly beauty gives us some notion of the perfect loveliness, which is not necessarily the same raised to a higher power, as it were; through this world the poet's imagination penetrates the other world. Brennan classed himself as a visionary, not a mystic. The mystic *receives* illumination, the visionary *attains* it. Significant, isn't it, that in both instances the revelation is of *light* (hence the word "illumination")? The light symbol is apparently the only way in which the perception of wholeness, perfect beauty, can be conveyed to others. Eden is a world of light. Yet many symbols suggestive of perfection may be used by the visionary poet. They are known as "Correspondences". This is what we find throughout the work of Brennan.

He tells us in one poem, called "Epilogue, 1908", how he found Eden. It was after, as a young man, he had abandoned traditional religion and turned instead to study, thought, and the cultivation of his imaginative faculty—a period of about six years.

And so, nor long, the guarded ray
broke on my eagerness, who brought
the lucid diamond-probe of thought
and, driving it behind, the extreme
blind vehemence of travailing dream
against the inhibitory shell:
and found, no grim eternal cell
and presence of the shrouded Norn,
but Eden, clad in nuptial morn,
young, fair, and radiant with delight
remorse nor sickness shall requite.
Yes, Eden was my own, my bride;
whatever malices denied,
faithful and found again, nor long
absent from aura of wooing song:
but promis'd only, while the sun
must travel yet thro' times undone;

and life must guard the prize of youth,
and thought must steward unto truth
the mines of magian ore divined
in rich Cipangos of the mind.

Not for nothing, then, is the first section of Brennan's *Poems* entitled "Towards the Source". This is the record of those years of seeking, culminating in the reward he has described. The book could well be called *Paradise Found*. Presupposing the Fall, Paradise Lost, it traces Adam's return (or, rather, his attainment of the Paradise Within), for the poet is not merely Brennan, he is Adam or Man. Everyone else may follow where the poet has led, for Paradise—the spiritual loveliness, indescribable because perfect, best represented as pure light, and the source of all life—is to be shared by all.

There is one thing more: Humanity is both Adam and Eve, and in Brennan's mind these are associated in the discovery of Eden. Indeed this discovery coincided with his own marriage, and thus Eden appeared to him "clad in nuptial morn", and was, as he said, "my own, my bride".

Yet, though Eden and Eve were recovered, there was still to be reckoned with Lilith, Night (we notice, the opposite of Light), who preceded Eve. During his quest she had troubled him with her "worm-brood of terrors unconfest", which dwelt within "the mire-fed writhen thicket of the mind". By the time of the fruition of his twofold bliss Brennan had realized that he must face the insidious enemy—must go down into the dark nether region of the soul, confront Lilith and so save himself for ever after from unease by knowledge, which he would convert into poetry. Gradually, then, he penetrated, unafraid, the Forest of Night (which forms the title of the second and largest section of his *Poems*)—that is, the unknown unconscious mind—and the result is often the pure poetry of the unconscious, or surrealist poetry. As the more positive of his earlier poems had been records of his progress "Towards the Source", so the more negative of these, grouped later as "The Twilight of Disquietude", led in to "The Quest of Silence", "The Shadow of Lilith", and "The Labour of Night", and last "Twilights of the Gods and the Folk", racial memories—all within that Forest. The issue was despair, which Lilith compels on men, and Eden seemed far. But it was there, a constant possession, to be ultimately enjoyed. Meanwhile, with "The Wanderer", which followed "The Forest of Night", Brennan began a new and endless quest, one that was sufficient in itself. He wrote:

I am the wanderer of many years
who cannot tell if ever he was king
or if ever kingdoms were: I know I am
the wanderer of the ways of all the worlds,
to whom the sunshine and the rain are one
and one to stay or hasten, because he knows
no ending of the way, no home, no goal.

The landscape of his pilgrimage is that of the mind only—perilous, terrible at times, but often divinely glorified.

That, in outline, is my explanation of the *Poems*. It is based, as I said, on Brennan's own account in "Epilogue, 1908", and supplies us with the means of understanding him and making a detailed study of his work. The book, I repeat, ought to be read progressively as a whole, as the record of his imaginative adven-

tures and the exploration of his own soul and thus the soul of man. Miltonic in origin, it may be said to go beyond Milton, in that it shows the way to the recovery of a higher paradise than even Milton envisaged—it is, as it were, a poet's bible.

R. G. HOWARTH

BRENNAN MATERIAL IN THE MACKANESS COLLECTION

I. Published works of C. J. Brennan.

- A. i. *Poems*, by C. J. Brennan. (Sydney, G. B. Philip and Son, 1913 [1914])
Inscribed

To
Bertram Stevens
with affection and esteem
Chris: Brennan.
27.6.1919

ii. The same, inscribed

To W. R. Beaver, Esq.*
in thankful return
for kindness
and
hospitality
his friend
the author
Chris: Brennan.
18.7.17

iii. Another copy. Inscribed, in black and red:

Author's corrected copy
a welcome to
A. Conor O'Brien
(Macleod)
22.v.1931
22.v.1931
from her
friend
neighbour
&
fellow-penman
Chris: Brennan.

On the verso, in C. J. B.'s holograph, are the following lines:

If fairy tales were true
& all the world were mine
there would be nought so fine
as you
If all the world were mine
I'd fling it all away
and go my gallant way

* W. R. Beaver was Clerk of the Peace, Sydney.

with wine
& even if God were mine
I'd let him go His way
as long as I could stray
on Mine.

eodem dato
in the small hours.

Note: Though the author states that this is the "corrected copy", the only emendations are:

- a. The correction of one misprint: "soul" for "soil" in stanza seven of the poem "Ah, who will give us back our long-lost innocence".
- b. Insertion of two lines in "Lilith", before the sixth line from the bottom of the page beginning "nor know'st the crown . . ."

"or with the tree that broods, the Druid stone
that holds itself in peace & is alone"

- c. A facetious remark just above the author's signature facing "Names of Subscribers":

"I hear the sound of a
melodious lying Irishman."

- B. i. *Fifteen Poems*, by Chris: Brennan. (Sydney, 1903.†) A bound typewritten copy of the original which bears the inscription:

These pieces were conceived &, in the main, written between September 1900 and May 1901: the exception being number XIII which was composed recently. The revision was completed on Monday the eighth of June, 1903.

Two copies made by the author (one bound) in books prepared by J. Le Gay Brereton; no. one being given to J. Le Gay Brereton, no. two to John Quinn who made from it (the original of) this copy in one of the books originally prepared.

Chris: Brennan.

Nov. 1, 1906.

(the original of)

This copy (hardly no. 3, perhaps no. 2A)
belongs to

Miss M. Y. Fitzhardinge
the common present of
the author

Chris: Brennan

and the copyist

John Quinn.

Nov. 1, 1906

- ii. Another typewritten copy of the same, unbound.

- C. A bound volume. Full rough green cloth, with small ornamental hand-designed label on spine—Kangaroo, with C.B.'s face—and inscribed "Chris: Brennan".

Contents:

- i. Pamphlet: *Fact and Idea*, by C. J. Brennan, M.A. Read before

† The unpublished sequence, *The Burden of Tyre*.

the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science,
January 1898. Inscribed

To A. G. Stephens, Esq. C.B. 15/2/99.

- ii. *XXI Poems: Towards the Source* (Angus and Robertson, Sydney.
No. 44 of the 150 copies for sale). Inscribed

A. G. Stephens, Esq.
(THE "BULLETIN")
No other copy is sent for review
in this country
C.B.

At p. ix. is the following footnote in A. G. Stephens's characteristic purple ink:

? justify the last two lines, which *look* stretched to mouth-filling. Cf. C. Rossetti, "The Thread of Life", *Works*, 1904, p. 262 (previously printed)
"The irresponsive silence of the land
The irresponsive sounding of the sea
Speak both one message of one chance to me.
'Aloof, aloof, we stand aloof: so stand
Thou too aloof bound with the flawless bond
Of inner solitude' . . ."[†]

Pasted in the back are two newspaper cuttings dealing with Brennan. One is from the *Bulletin*, 28/8/97; the other, a full column review of the Angus and Robertson edition of *Towards the Source*, from *Freeman's Journal*, 14/8/97, and signed J. E. S. Henerie.

- iii. Another copy of *XXI Poems*. This is No. 107 of the 150 copies for sale, in mint condition, uncut. Inscribed

A. G. Stephens
from his friend
the author
Sept. 3rd, 1900.

- iv. Another copy, No. 106 of the 150 copies for sale, in mint condition. Inscribed

To A. G. Stephens
with the author's
best wishes
May 2nd, 1901.
C.B.

[†] In a letter to Brennan, dated 7/3/1915 (in the Mitchell Library) Stephens, discussing *Poems 1913*, alludes to "an echo of C. Rossetti". Brennan has written at the foot of the page: "Looked up Christina to-night—cutting the greater part of the volume. You mean, I suppose,

The irresponsive silence of the land
The ditto sounding of the sea.
Well, now you know when I read it."—G.W.

SOUTHERLY

- D. *A Chant of Doom and other verses*, by C. J. Brennan. (Sydney, Angus and Robertson, 1918.) With portrait.
- E. *From Blake to Arnold: Selections from English Poetry (1783-1853)*. Edited by C. J. Brennan, J. Le Gay Brereton, and J. P. Pickburn. (Macmillan, London, 1900.)
- F. *Our Alma Mater*, Magazine of St Ignatius' College, Riverview, 1886, 1887. Edited by C. J. Brennan.
- G. *Blue and Blue*, Magazine of the Marist Brothers' High School, Darlinghurst.
 - a. December, 1927. "Rossetti", by C. J. Brennan.
 - b. December, 1932. "Catholic Poets in England", by C. J. Brennan. (A lecture delivered in 1915.)

II. Manuscripts.

A. i. Four unpublished poems§:

"I am so deep in day"
"And could it be, past utter harms"
"Tall candelabra, in the bright"
"High Lords, that on the great assize"

- ii. Ms of the poem "The One Woman", published in *The New Triad*, 1/4/28.

B. Five letters to Conor O'Brien (Mrs Macleod).

- C. Original Mss of series of articles on "The Newer French Poetry", published in the *Bulletin* in 1899. They are entitled:

- I. Newer French Poetry.
- II. Newer French Poetry: The Lazaretto of Romanticism: Charles Baudelaire.
- III.-Newer French Poetry: Cold Parnassus.
- IV. Newer French Poetry: Arthur Rimbaud 1854-1891.
- V. [Wanting.]
- VI. Newer French Poetry: Stéphane Mallarmé.
- VII. [Wanting.]

GEORGE MACKANESS

IN MEMORY

J. W. GIBBES

John Wilfred Gibbes, who has died at the age of 65, was a graduate of the University of Sydney, Senior Classics Master at North Sydney Boys' High School and Canterbury Boys' High School, and formerly a Vice-President of the Classical

§ Now published in *Southerly* No. 2, 1951.

Association of New South Wales. As a friend and mentor of J. A. R. McKellar, he assisted *Southerly* in the publication of a selection from the manuscripts left by the poet, whose *Collected Poems* he then edited for Angus and Robertson. No study of McKellar would be complete without an account of J. W. Gibbes's influence upon his life and work.

BRIAN PENTON

The death occurred on 24 August 1951 of Brian Con Penton, noted journalist and author, and Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was 47. Educated at Brisbane Grammar School and the University of Queensland, Penton chose journalism as his career, worked in Sydney for a time, and in 1929 went to England where he joined the *Daily Express*. Returning to Sydney in 1933, he joined the *Daily Telegraph* as a reporter. He became Editor in 1941 and held that position until his death this year.

In 1934 he published his pioneering saga *Landtakers*, intended as the first volume of a trilogy. *Inheritors* appeared two years later, but Penton did not finish the third volume because of pressure of newspaper work. His later publication included *Think—or be Damned*, *Advance Australia—Where?, You, Me and this War*, and *Censored*. Brian Penton was a man of prodigious energy, working sixteen hours a day. He had a remarkably quick brain, a sound grip on many subjects and was a formidable debater. A fearless critic, he never criticised without offering constructive suggestions. Australia has lost an able pen and a keen mind.

(Contributed, at request, by a colleague of Brian Penton.)

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION OF QUEENSLAND REPORT, 1951

This association has a membership of forty, of whom sixteen are affiliated with the English Association (London) and receive its publications.

The branch, though small, has been active during the past year. Ten meetings have been held, and speakers have included Professor F. J. Schonell, of the newly-established Faculty of Education; Professor W. V. Macfarlane, head of the Department of Physiology, who is at present guest-lecturer at the State Medical Centre, Long Island, in the United States; Mr F. Connolly, barrister-at-law; Mr. E. N. Hallister, Lecturer in German; and Rev. Father L. Hanrahan, a graduate of Dublin University, who spoke on "Synge and the Irish National Theatre". The title of Professor Schonell's lecture was "Written English in the Secondary School"; Professor Macfarlane gave an interesting address on "Literary Brains", which might be said to have dealt with the physiological aspect of genius. Mr Connolly spoke on "T. S. Eliot"; while Mr Hallister chose "Goethe's Attitude to Shakespeare" as his subject. Mention should also be made of Brother J. McElligott's talk—"English Prosody, with special reference to Prosody in Schools"; and of a reading by Mrs A. Gollnick, a graduate of Middlebury College.

Vermont, U.S.A., entitled "Robert Frost". Mrs Gollnick has a personal acquaintance with this well-known American poet, and corresponds with him.

A similar programme is planned for next year.

E. H. FLINT

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Best for All?—Personal taste seems largely to have guided the choice, for a National Book League Exhibition in London, of "One Hundred Writers Representative of the Varied Achievement of Our Time" (that is, published in England since 1920), inevitably regarded as the "Hundred Best Books". To begin with, the range is not confined to literature (though "literary quality" is claimed to have been one of the selectors' rules), A. J. Ayer's *Language, Truth and Logic*, Sir Kenneth Clark's *Landscape into Art* and I. A. Richard's *Principles of Literary Criticism* being admitted. Again, writers such as Hardy and Bridges who might be considered to belong in spirit to an earlier period, and Wilfred Owen, who died in 1918, stand side by side with new poets, dramatists and novelists (for instance, Christopher Fry). Then, some works that others would regard as ephemeral appear along with the Bible in Monsignor Knox's translation (a book which surely pertains to all time, in whatever version). Lastly the omissions, partial or complete, seem considerable (it has been asked, Why Belloc, and not Chesterton? Why Wells and not Bennett? Why de la Mare's *Burning Glass* and not his *Collected Poems*? Why Aldous Huxley's *Crome Yellow* in preference to his *Point Counter Point*?) Probably no other committee of judges could agree with Rose Macaulay, C. Day Lewis and V. S. Pritchett in their selection, which has created some uproar. But (unlike certain anthologists), the judges have excluded their own works.

Brennan—Dr Randolph Hughes proposes to bring out, with the Melbourne University Press, an amplified edition of his book, *C. J. Brennan: An Essay in Values*, which was first published in 1937.

Correction—In the Judges' Report on the *Herald Verse Competition* as published on 24 February, the words "She replies by translating her sensations for him into metaphor. She appears to say" should read: "She replies by translating his sensations into metaphor for him. He appears to say."

Eliot's Borrowed Strains (see *Southerly*, Number Four, 1950, page 238)—The song of "One-Eyed Riley" into which the strange guest at Eliot's *Cocktail Party* unexpectedly bursts has for some years (at least fifteen) been known here in a scarcely repeatable version. Is Eliot's unknown Australian correspondent still feeding his passion for popular lyricism?

Waldock Number—To the list of published tributes (page 7) should be added Doris Allen's in *Education* for 31 January 1950, and Ian Mair's in the *Melbourne Age* for 11 February 1950.

"Psychological"—The word "psychial" ("of the mind"), used by Furphy among others, would appear to be preferable to "psychological" in its present general application. It carries none of the implications of "psychical". May we look for a revival?

The Arts in Britain—An addition to this British Council series, *The Novel 1945-1950*, by P. H. Newby, extends the survey made by Henry Reed in *The Novel Since 1939*. Mr Newby appraises the most recent work of the "established" writers—Huxley, Waugh, Cary, Greene, Ivy Compton-Burnett, Elizabeth Bowen—and also the achievement of such younger contemporaries as Alex Comfort, Robert Kee, Howard Clewes, Philip Toynbee, and Emyr Humphries. Himself a novelist, Mr Newby detects a growing tendency in recent fiction for the interest to reside less in character and theme than in the "personal qualities of observation, intelligence, imagination, command of language and so on, which the writer displays". The survey is nevertheless more a review of individual novelists than a study of general trends. Some enthusiasms are obvious: the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett are upheld as "the only English fiction published since the death of James Joyce about which one can be reasonably sure it will be read a hundred years hence". Henry Green is rated next; Mr Newby argues against the current estimate of Joyce Cary.

Companion volumes in preparation are *Poetry 1945-1950* by Alan Ross, *Drama 1945-1950* by J. C. Trewin, and *Prose Literature 1945-1950* by Alan Pryce-Jones. The price of each pamphlet is 2s. 6d.—G.W.

Literary Fellowship—Commonwealth Literary Fund Fellowships for 1951 have been awarded to Frank Dalby Davison, to write a novel of life in Sydney; to Kenneth Ivo Mackenzie, to write a novel about a New Australian; and to Dallas George Stevens, to write a novel set in present-day Sydney and a volume of stories of Australian folklore.—G.W.

Henry Handel Richardson (See *Southerly*, No. 1, 1951, p. 38)—Nettie Palmer writes that the birthplace given by Henry Handel Richardson in her autobiography (1 Blanche Terrace, East Melbourne) and the address given in her birth certificate (139 Victoria Parade, Fitzroy) are one and the same. Blanche Terrace is a row of six houses joined together, numbering 129-143 Victoria Parade, Fitzroy. Although the house is technically in Fitzroy, H.H.R. always referred to it as East Melbourne: Victoria Parade divides the two suburbs, and is spoken of as "East Melbourne" on both sides.—G.W.

Literary Centenary—The Australian Broadcasting Commission opened the Jubilee Year with a series of eighteen broadcast talks, by various writers, under the title of "A Century of Australian Literature". The range was from Harpur to younger poets of today.

The English Association—The President of the Sydney Branch and Mrs Howarth were guests at the Annual Luncheon of the Central Body on 23 June. Sir Ronald Storrs was in the chair. Among the speakers were Lord Dunsany and Dr F. S. Boas. Mr Howarth proposed the toast to the retiring President, Professor G. M. Trevelyan.

Prize-Winning Novels—In the Sydney Morning Herald Novel Competition for 1950, the first prize was not awarded, the second prize was divided between Barbara Jefferis, for *Return Via Canterbury*, and T. Hungerford, for *The Ridge and the River*; the third prize was shared by Mabel W. Smith, for *City Above the Sea*, C. V. Crockett, for *Location Alpha*, and Nancy Phelan, for *The Voice Beyond*

the Trees; while novels by Elyne Mitchell, R. I. Campbell, Hal Richardson, and D. A. Terrill were commended.

"*Australian Literature*"—Announcing in the B.B.C.'s *Radio Times* of 25 May his forthcoming production of Douglas Stewart's verse drama *Five on the Snow*, Mr Tyrone Guthrie wrote: "In my opinion this is one of the few important works of art which radio has produced. It is the more thrilling that it has come from Australia, a continent which has not—as yet—made very many notable contributions to the art and literature of the human race. As yet Australia is only beginning to grope towards a distinctively Australian way of seeing and hearing and then expressing things. So far its people have been preoccupied with more urgent tasks than the interpretation of their world to the rest of us. But now in painting, music, and literature, Australia is just beginning to realise that dependence upon the culture of other communities is not healthy or satisfying." Mr Guthrie's knowledge of Australia was acquired in a hasty visit a year or two ago to advise on the formation of a national theatre, and evidently he did not learn of the work of Furphy, Lawson, and Paterson (to mention no others) who interpreted the country and its people over fifty years since. But he wants it both ways. An Australian contribution to the art or literature of the human race is not necessarily an expression of Australia: witness this very play, which could have been written anywhere, or the poetry of Brennan (also unknown to Mr Guthrie). We can show plenty of writing on Australia, which may not be literature; we can point to literary achievements which may not be peculiarly Australian; a number of works are both—"Australian literature" in the fullest sense.

Poetry Prizes for the Festival of Britain, 1951—the result of the competition arranged by the Arts Council has been announced. Nearly 2,100 entries were received, almost 500 of them coming from the British Commonwealth outside the United Kingdom. Over 1000 long poems were submitted; the remainder were groups of short poems. No single long poem was judged worthy of the prize of £500. Three prizes of £200 each were awarded to Gerald Bromhead Walker, for "The Impertinent Friends", Clive Sansom, for "The Witnesses", and J. P. Fletcher, for "Unprofitable Journey?" In addition, awards of £100 each were made to the following poets who submitted groups of short pieces: Jack R. Clemo, Robert Conquest, J. C. Grant, Theodore Nicholl, and L. A. Redford. No Australian entry was placed; which raises the question of competence to judge a work that is a literary expression of Australia. In a sense one of the prizes went to Hobart, for Clive Sansom, born in London in 1910, has been living there for the past two years and "is at present engaged in experimental work for the Tasmanian Education Department in speech and poetry speaking in schools". The winning entries will be published together in a booklet. The manuscripts of Mr Sansom's poem and others were to be seen in the literary section of the Festival Exhibition.

Crudity and Cruelty—Illustrated jokes in the *Bulletin* frequently show human heads and limbs being cut off, maimed or crushed. A recent example depicted, without words, the operator of a pneumatic drill falling to his death through a high bridge upon which he has inadvertently applied too much pressure. One can find nothing to laugh at in this. Surely we have outgrown such crudity and

cruelty. The talented artists of the late *Smith's Weekly* could dispense with appeals to the animal and the rudimentary in human nature.

Literary Demise—The Melbourne *Week-End Review* (published fortnightly), edited by Bertram Higgins, has deceased. The idea behind it—to assess current publications for the benefit of readers—was good, but unfortunately the tone suffered from bias and even spleen. Little trouble was taken to understand and to evaluate fairly extra-Melbourne publications. The paper's demise, therefore, cannot be greatly regretted.

"Australian Short Stories"—"Twenty Strong", by Margaret Trist, in this new World's Classics anthology, was first published in *Southerly*.

"Sophocles the Dramatist"—A. J. A. Waldock's posthumous book with this title is to appear from the Cambridge University Press towards the end of the year.

"Coast to Coast" and *"Australian Poetry"*—Formerly annual, these anthologies are now being issued every two years. The editor of *Australian Poetry* for 1951-2 is Kenneth Mackenzie.

"Jindyworobak Anthology"—The 1951 volume of this anthology is edited by William Hart-Smith (now in Timaru, New Zealand).

Australian Drama—The new *Oxford Companion to the Theatre*, edited by Phyllis Hartnoll, contains a brief historical account of the Australian stage, largely based on Paul McGuire's *The Australia Theatre*, 1949, and (presumably because McGuire is not concerned with drama as such and there is no handbook to the subject) ignoring the Australian drama. No authority in that field appears to have been consulted personally. Elsewhere there is a full treatment of American drama.

Shakespeare Institute—The University of Birmingham has established at Stratford a Shakespeare Institute "for the encouragement and promotion of advanced study and research devoted to Shakespeare and to related subjects—the Elizabethan age, drama and theatre". Normally students of the Institute will be registered as candidates for higher degrees, but scholars engaged in independent research are welcomed and every assistance possible will be given to them in their work. The Director is Professor Allardyce Nicoll.

Reviews—An attempt is made to notice all worthwhile books sent to *Southerly* for this purpose. The reviews are considered and thus do not appear with journalistic haste. Reviewers are again requested, however, not to defer sending their articles more than is necessary.

John Gay—Mr A. L. McLeod, a member of the Association, who is making a special study of John Gay, has published in various Australian periodicals, several articles on his work. On 20 January 1951 *Notes and Queries* printed a set of three "Notes on Gay", in which some additions are made to previous knowledge of the dramatist.

The Sydney Morning Herald Literary Competitions—As the judges of the novel and short story sections have expressed disappointment with the standards reached in the 1950 entries, the *Sydney Morning Herald* has decided to suspend its literary competitions. "It was felt that the qualities expected in a £2,000

prize novel were hardly attainable, particularly by young writers, within a period of twelve months, and that standards would benefit if a longer interval were allowed to elapse between one competition and the next." (30 June 1951.) It seems regrettable that poetry, in which the standard lately has been high, and for which perhaps less time is required, was included in this decision.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Coast to Coast: Australian Stories, 1949-50, selected by Nettie Palmer. (Angus and Robertson, 1950. 10s. 6d.)

The Bronte Sisters, by Phyllis Bentley. *Henry James*, by Michael Swan. *John Keats*, by Edmund Blunden. *E. M. Forster*, by Rex Warner. (Bibliographical Series of Supplements to *British Book News*, ed. T. O. Beachcroft. Published for the British Council and the National Book League by Longmans, Green and Co., London, 1950. 1s. each.)

Pakistan Weekly Affairs, various numbers (published by the Information Department, Office of the High Commissioner for Pakistan, Sydney, 1950).

Koolinda, edited by Leon Stone, Number Six, December 1949. (Sydney.)

Auckland Public Libraries, 1880-1950: A Brief Historical Description, by John Barr. (Library Committee of the Auckland City Council, New Zealand, 1950.)

Ashes of Hiroshima: A Post-War Trip to Japan and China, by Frank Clune. (Angus and Robertson, 1950. 15s.)

Prelude to Waking: A Novel in the First Person and Parentheses, by Brent of Bin Bin. (Angus and Robertson, 1950. 12s. 6d.)

The Advancement of Spencer Button, by Brian James. (Angus and Robertson, 1950. 12s. 6d.)

The Wild White Man of Badu, by Ion L. Idriess. (Angus and Robertson, 1950. 15s.)

Jindyworobak Anthology, 1949, edited by R. G. Howarth. (Jindyworobak, Melbourne, 1949. 5s.)

The Year's Work in Music, 1948-9. The Year's Work in the Theatre. (Published for the British Council by Longmans Green and Co., London, 1949. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.)

Teachers' College Magazine, Wagga Wagga, 1949, edited by Barbara Spence. (The College.)

White Ears the Outlaw: The Story of a Dingo, by Henry G. Lamond. (Angus and Robertson, 1949. 9s. 6d.)

A Handbook of Literary Terms, compiled by H. L. Yelland, B.A., S. C. J. Jones, B.A., and K. S. W. Easton, B.A. (Angus and Robertson, 1950. 12s. 6d.)

Speak with the Sun, by David Campbell. (Chatto and Windus, London, 1949. 6s.)

Selections from the Lyrical Poems of Evangeline Ryves. (British Authors' Press, London, 1949. 6s.)

John Dryden: The Clark Lectures on English Literature, 1948-9, by David Nichol Smith. (Cambridge University Press, London, 1950. 7s. 6d.)

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION
(SYDNEY BRANCH)
Office Bearers, 1951

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